THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FRIENDSHIP.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CHERRY BLOSSOM.

I.

Oh, how sweet to weary mortal
Is true friendship's early tie,—
When, like sunbeams o'er the lakelet,
Days of childhood have passed by,—
As in fondness we remember
Memories bright that ne'er can fade,
And the links of love that bound us—
Sweetest links that e'er were made.

II.

How o'er ever-faded pictures
Of the past we love to dwell,
As their pleasant recollections
O'er our memories throw a spell;
And, in dreams, how oft we wander
To the scenes of other years,
When the voice of loving friendship
Ever calmed our troubled years.

III.

Ah! how oft does faithful friendship
Smoothe the rugged path of pain,
Still the murmurings of sad hearts
Causing them to smile again;
And there's nothing in this wide world
Nearer unto Heaven above,
Than the witching ties of friendship,
Or the magic power of love.

EVE ISLE;

OR,

THE CALYPSO'S LAST VOYAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM DINGLEY'S DIPLOMACY," &C.

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CHAPTER XIII.

It was a beautiful morning in the summer of the Southern Hemisphere when the Calypso got under weigh and again stood out to sea. The sky was cloudless, wearing that delicate azure tint that tropical skies only wear; and the great Ocean, true to its peaceful name, stretched away before them, reposing in its solemn majestic *siesta*.

Captain Gale was somewhat surprised and not at all pleased when he learned that St. Anna was to accompany them, but the information had been conveyed to him by his employer in a manner that left no room for discussion, and too politic to awaken the suspicion of the one or the ill-will of the other, by a display of the annoyance he felt, he received the announcement with apparent good humor, and at once set about ingratiating himself into favor with the new arrival.

St. Anna received his advances politely but with a certain degree of *hauteur* which might have resulted from an instinctive dislike of the man, or the characteristic reserve of his nation.

For Wayne Illdreth, however, he appeared to have conceived an attachment which would have seemed absurd in any but an impetuous child of the tropics, and except when engaged in ministering to the well-being of his *macho*, on whom he bestowed an hour or two of assiduous attention every day, he was scarcely out of his sight for the first week of the voyage.

Wayne was not displeased to find himself thus regarded—the singular interest he had felt in the volatile stranger from the first moment of their acquaintance had increased as he came to know him better; and ere they had been many days together, to have parted from him would have been a real sorrow. The events of the last week had affected his spirits more than he cared to admit even to himself, and the handsome boy's exuberant light-heartedness was an admirable antidote for mental disquiet.

But although usually the gayest of the gay, St. Anna had his moments of being thoughtful and reserved to taciturnity; and occasionally Wayne became conscious that he was regarding him with a look that was womanly in its softness and affection, but not unfrequently while in these abstracted moods, there shot across his face an expression of fierce, sullen anger, for which there was no apparent cause, bearing evidence of a lurking passion which a wise man would not care to arouse.

From the crew he held himself haughtily aloof, unbending a little to Mr. Coonrod, occasionally spending an hour or two of his watch with him, seemingly with the view of acquiring so far as Mr. Coonrod's indifferent Spanish enabled him to act the part of instructor, a knowledge of seamanship in which he was already somewhat theoretically proficient.

For a week or more he avoided Gertrude with that shy diffidence a boy yet in his teens is apt to feel towards a young lady somewhat his superior in years, and immeasurably so in that nameless social experience the sex acquires so early; but this wore away by degrees, and ended in his becoming very fond of her, and beginning to pay her such marked attentions as would probably have occasioned some twinges of jealousy in the bosom of his absent lady-love, had she known of them and cherished a skeptical disbelief in the theory of Platonic attachments. Neither were they quite palatable to Mr. Illdreth, to whom Gertrude had become very dear during the last few weeks of their companionship, though he would not have admitted the idea of rivalry to a soul, and was perhaps ashamed of it.

Gertrude would have have found it very difficult to explain the feelings with which she regarded her new acquaintance. She felt less of that instinctive reserve with him that every true woman experiences in the society of a gentleman, than she had ever known before, and ere long was surprised to find herself permitting familiarities from him which she certainly would not have allowed to any other save a father or brother.

But after recovering from his first awkward bashfulness, Master St. Anna appeared to acquire a sudden supply of audacity rather surprising in one of his tender years, and took to imprinting kisses on her fair cheek, and toying with her golden ringlets quite as though he had the most undoubted right so to do, and spent hours lying at her feet, entertaining her with legends of his forefathers, or running his fingers over the strings of her guitar like a veritable Troubadour of the olden time.

It was fortunate for the satisfactory conduct of this interesting flirtation, that the parties to it, neither of whom spoke each other's vernacular, had a common knowledge of French. Gertrude spoke it fluently, and St. Anna seemed as as conversant with it as with his own native tongue, and all things considered there is no better language for love-making where nothing serious *is* intended.

At first Gertrude tried to assume a dignified bearing, and to convey by her manner to her youthful admirer, a hint that his freedom was not quite pleasing, but she could not feel vexed—he did everything so innocently; and besides, he very soon," by some inexplicable process, seemed to have established a power over her to do very much as he pleased.

Mr. Fay noticed this sudden intimacy, and laughingly congratulated his daughter upon having at last made a conquest. Wayne laughed too, but it was more to cover the nameless annoyance he felt, than because he was amused thereby; and Ralph always alert and watchful, looked on askance from the depths of his dark eyes, wondering within himself what this precocious youngster was about.

One evening Gertrude and St. Anna were alone in the cabin. She was sitting on a low ottoman looking out upon the shining ocean and dreaming of her far away home; while he was indolently extended at her feet, his head resting on her lap, speaking only at long intervals, and filling up the interludes with the wild irregular music of his guitar. Suddenly he sat up, and fixed his eyes steadily on Gertrude's face.

"Do you love anyone?" he asked, abruptly, without the slightest introduction.

Gertrude colored violently, but recovering in a moment her self-possession, which had been fairly frightened away, she answered,

"Of course I do. I love my father and other near relatives—besides the dear five hundred friends that every girl has."

"Do all girls have five hundred friends?"

"It is so said."

"There was never a greater fib. Some have none at all; and no one more than a few of what I call friends; but now answer my question. You evaded it before. Do you love anyone as women love men whom they marry?"

"If I did, do you suppose I would tell you, Mr. Inquisitiveness?" she answered, with a light laugh.

"I don't know, I'm sure. If I loved any one, I should not be ashamed or afraid to acknowledge it."

"I dare say not—but what is becoming frankness in a gentleman, would be unmaidenly and forward in a lady."

"That's all owing to one of the silly whims of society. I don't know why gentlemen alone should be allowed to speak their minds, when ladies have so much better gift of language—however, that is no affair of mine. What sort of a man would you love—if you loved any one?"

"Oh! he'd have to be splendid of course—a perfect Apollo."

"Don't laugh at me. I asked the question seriously."

"I am sorry, for it would be quite too serious a task to describe my ideal. I don't think I could do it short of writing a novel."

"I can convey a good idea of him in two words."

"Really! you make me curious to know what those very comprehensive words are."

"Wayne Illdreth!" St. Anna said, resting his chin upon his hand, and peering into her face, with an expression she was unable to translate.

Gertrude blushed with vexation.

"St. Anna, you are rude," she said, attempting to rise.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he said, springing to his feet, and gently detaining her. "Upon my word, I meant no offence. Forgive me, won't you?"

"I suppose I must, but you are such a strange boy, that I am half afraid of you sometimes."

"Don't be that," he answered softly, parting the hair away from her smooth white forehead. "You have no cause to fear me; I have studied myself closely. I'm sure I would not harm you."

"Why should you?"

"Why, indeed? You have not injured me wittingly, and you are very sweet and gentle. I don't wonder men love you. I do, and will yield to me."

While speaking, he had continued to pass his hand lightly to and fro across her forehead, gazing steadily into her eyes with an expression that in a few moments began to affect her strangely. So steady was the look, possessing such a subtle, indescribable power, that, though fascinated somewhat as birds are said to be by a serpent's eye, she could not bear it, and her eyelids drooped and closed. He touched them slightly with his fingers, and continued his gentle manipulations.

"Look up!" he said presently.

She attempted to do his bidding, but was half startled to find that her eyelids refused to open obedient to her will, that was powerless to resist some mystical influence that seemed to envelope her like a halo, shutting out her vision, and even confining her thoughts to channels into which she had a vague consciousness they were directed by the power that had overshadowed her.

St. Anna looked at her a moment with something like triumph in his face, then he threw up his hand—the spell seemed to pass. Gertrude opened her eyes and looked at him.

For a little while she remained silent, as though endeavoring to collect her scattered senses, then she arose and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"You told me you loved me," she said.

"And so I do," he answered, throwing his arms around her neck, and pressing his lips to her forehead.

"Then you would promise me something, if it would make me happy, I'm sure.

"Indeed I would. What is it?"

"Never to use again that power you have over me. I cannot understand it; I do not wish to. I have no idea of the nature of the spell you threw around my faculties, but it was one that no woman even should possess over another, and surely much less one who is not of her own sex. You see I confide in you fully, and I know if you pledge me your word it will not be violated."

"Did you fear me, Gertrude?"

"No," she said, and her eyes, into which he was looking earnestly, attested that she spoke truly. "But no one should so control my will as you have done."

"You would not exercise such a power over another if you could."

"You do not need to ask me, I think."

"No, you would consider it unwomanly, and that would be reason enough."

"Isn't that right?"

"Yes, it *is* right, and I promise all you ask. Dear, good Gertrude—if all women were like you, they would be far happier and better, but God did not make all alike. Some can't be womanly, for the wild passions that unsex them. They know it, and the knowledge makes them weep tears of blood, down deep in their hearts."

Again he wound his arms around her neck, and pressed her lips, and then falling on his knees at her side, he hid his face in her lap and gave way to a wild passion of weeping.

Gertrude was startled at such an unexpected exhibition of emotion, and mystified by his strange language, but a tender impulse was strong within her. She yielded to it, and bending over the weeping boy, softly caressed his dark shining hair, and then lifted his head and laid it against her bosom.

Like a weary child whose heart is sorrowful, more closely he nestled to her side, as though her tenderness was the balm he had long sought for some spirit wound which the world did not see.

"I wish I had known you always," he said by-and-bye. "I should have been better and happier. I believe the angels look like you, with such golden hair, and such eyes, so pure and truthful."

"Hush! St. Anna! You must not flatter. I am glad to be loved, but it annoys me to be so greatly overrated, when I so well know my own shortcomings."

"I can't flatter any one, at least intentionally. I am going now. I can't talk to you any more to-night. I am out of spirits, and shall make you so if I stay longer."

Perhaps she would have detained him, but he was gone almost before he had ceased speaking.

"What a strange boy!" she said to herself, musingly; but the same tender feeling that had so drawn her towards him was still strong in her heart, and lingered with her in her dreams that night.

CHAPTER XIV.

Two weeks after leaving Valparaiso, the brigantine entered upon the last day of her cruise. Their way had lain through those peaceful regions where the trade-winds, those faithful coadjutors of commerce, almost invariably prevail, and the tornado seldom comes to disturb the monotony of a voyage.

So far as the elements were concerned, the cruise of the Calypso had been uneventful; and although sombre shadows were hovering over the destinies of more than one who sailed therein, she stood gaily on her course, as if only bright fortune awaited those who had trusted themselves within her oaken ribs.

As they neared that part of the trackless ocean where they expected to find the little speck of earth visited by Captain Illdreth for such a stern purpose near twenty years before, Wayne found himself laboring under an almost painful excitement, which, for the time being, drove all other thoughts from his mind. That he should discover the islet, he had never seriously doubted; but what should he find there? Two human beings, so long separated from the world that they had degenerated into savages, or would he find but *one* in human form, and one lone grave scooped out by a solitary man or woman, who, with no friend to aid them, had laid therein the sole companion of their guilt, wept over it as only the desolate, shut out from all God's living creation, all human companionship and sympathy, can weep, and turned away to pursue their weary pilgrimage alone, remembering that there was none to give them sepulchre.

He now began to appreciate the awful punishment his uncle had inflicted upon the man and woman who had desolated his life, and he was half inclined to censure him for devising a retribution which was more than commensurate with their crime, dark and damning as it had been.

Wayne was not the only one whose interest in the voyage seemed to increase as it drew toward a close. Both Gertrude and her father now spent many hours on deck scanning the horizon for the first indications of land in the distance.

St. Anna became curiously nervous and restless and wandered about, evidently pondering some subject of grave import, or remained by the half day together perched in the tops sweeping the ocean with his glass, and taking very little notice of what was passing below him.

Ralph had grown morose and taciturn, avoiding his cousin as far as possible, and even the sailors who knew nothing, or were supposed to know nothing, of the reason why so much trouble was being taken to light upon this little islet of the Pacific, aroused from the listless inactivity which always pervades a ship's company in the tropics, and could be seen standing in little groups or scattered about in the rigging talking with each other in a confidential way, and keeping a sharp lookout for the object upon which all this interest centred.

A perfectly dispassionate observer might have discovered some marked changes in the manners of officers and crew that boded no good. The conferences of the men were too confidential and too frequent to be upon honest subjects, and stealthy glances were sometimes cast toward Wayne Illdreth which it would have been well perhaps if he had observed and considered their import, but all engrossed in the one thought, that he had nearly completed his strange mission he saw nothing to awaken his apprehensions.

It was toward the close of a beautiful day that Wayne, after vainly endeavoring to forget his glowing restlessness for an hour or two in sleep, came on deck. Ralph was aft, and he joined him.

"If Uncle Hugh was anything near right in his calculations we must be in the vicinity of that Island," he began, as he took the glass from his cousin's hand and adjusted it to his eye.

Ralph regarded him for a moment with an ill concealed contemptuous sneer.

"You were a great fool," he said, "to go island hunting in this way. Had I been in your place the absurdity of the old gentleman's request or command would have been all the excuse I should have wanted for paying no sort of attention to it."

"That might have been the case with *you*. I felt in honor bound to fulfill any conditions he saw fit to impose upon me," Wayne answered coolly.

"Oh! well, you had a perfect right to do as you pleased, and I should be the last man to find fault with the way you decided, as it put a good thing in my way, but, if any misfortune results from this ridiculous voyage, you have only yourself to thank for being a great deal more conscientious than men have any business to be."

"This is not the first time you have croaked about disasters. Is there a reason for it, or are you growing timid? Upon my word I don't understand it."

"Land, ho!" shouted a voice from the cross-trees, which they both recognized at St. Anna's.

"Where away?" cried Ralph in breathless excitement.

"About three points on our starboard bow—a low, partially wooded island. It looks as though the sea might break over it, in a high wind. You can see it from the deck in ten minutes."

"Keep her away three points!" shouted the captain to the man at the wheel, and then sprang into the rigging, closely followed by Wayne and as many of the seamen as were off duty.

On gaining the cross-trees, where they found St. Anna composedly seated with folded arms, they could see for themselves that it was even as he had reported.

"That is undoubtedly the place we are looking for," Ralph said, "at all events the ordinary charts show no land hereabouts. The probabilities are that our deceased relative had it built for his own convenience."

"Yes, it must be the place. How long will it take us to reach it?"

"An hour or so, I suppose."

"Then I will make all ready to land to-night."

"There is no such especial hurry, is there?" Ralph said, with such a sinister inflection in his voice that under ordinary circumstances Wayne could not have avoided noticing it. "We might heave to hereabouts till morning, and give you the benefit of daylight."

"No I must go to-night, though I may not be able to finish my explorations before to-morrow, in which case I shall have to detain you."

"Keep me here any length of time you please, my dear fellow, a day, a week, or a month, I am quite at your disposal, you know."

"Thank you, but a day is probably the extent of the time I shall require. I wonder if my boat is all ready?"

"I should presume it was. It has been hanging at the after-davits ready to lower away for two days past, all armed and equipped," Ralph answered as they turned to descend the shrouds.

The boat referred to was a light metallic lifeboat, furnished with a mast and sails, which Wayne had brought with him for his own convenience should occasion require, but he little dreamed of the good service it was destined to render him.

On reaching the deck, both were a little surprised to find St. Anna, whom they had not missed, standing in the lifeboat composedly stowing into the after locker a demijohn of brandy, a bag of ship's bread and a brace of pistols, while a fowling-piece and various other traps were lying at his feet, together with a *breaker* of water.

"You seem to be provisioning for a long voyage," Ralph said, eyeing the young Spaniard keenly. "Do you join Master Wayne's exploring expedition that you look so closely after the commissariat?"

"Yes, I am going," St. Anna answered, quietly and decidedly, "and I have been told no one should leave their ship at sea without being prepared for accidents."

"The devil you have," Ralph muttered, in a suppressed voice. "It strikes me you have picked up a deal of miscellaneous information for a chap of your age, but that's no affair of mine," and he turned away.

Wayne had intended to scull himself ashore, and make his first examination of the island alone, but the same persistent mysterious voice that in his dreams had whispered to him that this youth had been sent to befriend him in dire extremity now spoke again, bidding him let him do even as he would, and he made no objection, even to cumbering the boat with the spar and sail, as he had been about to do.

Before sunset the island was plainly discernible, about half a mile distant, and having approached as near as deemed prudent, Ralph ordered the brigantine to be hove to. As soon as this was accomplished the life boat was lowered away. St. Anna glided down the fall like a squirrel, and Wayne was about to follow, when Mr. Fay approached him.

"I have a mind to offer myself as a volunteer for your expedition," he said, "if I shall not be intrusive."

"I guess I wouldn't go, *Square*," Mr. Coonrod said, before Wayne had time to answer. "These boats are peaky dangerous things when there's no sailors in 'em, and—"

"Mind your own business, Mr. Coonrod," Ralph said angrily, "it will be time for you to give your opinion when it is asked. There is not the slightest danger in going in the boat. Mr. Fay and you might find a turn ashore rather agreeable."

"Perhaps I might as well remain," Mr. Fay replied, for something in the Long Islander's face and manner had arrested his attention, and engendered the feeling that he had better not go, so he stepped back, and the next moment the boat, with its two occupants, was gliding shoreward. Gracefully the little vessel sped over the water, and the group on the Calypso's deck stood watching her as she rose and fell with the undulations of the ocean. Swiftly it neared the shore—they saw it strike the beach which skirted the side of the island facing them like a broad white ribbon. Wayne and his companion stepped out, dragged their boat up on the sand, and then turned and waved their hats.

Ralph waved his hand, as if in reply. Was it a preconcerted signal? It would seem so, for without further intimation from the commander, the sheets were eased off fore and aft, and the helm put up, and in five minutes the Calypso was underweigh again standing back toward Valparaiso.

"Good God! what is the meaning of that?" Wayne said, a terrible suspicion of the truth flashing through his mind.

"It means," St. Anna quietly answered, "that we are deserted."

CHAPTER XV.

"What is the meaning of this?" Mr. Fay said, when the consciousness had fairly dawned upon him that the brigantine was again underweigh. "You cannot intend to abandon our friends, Capt. Gale?"

"Assuredly not, my dear sir. You scarcely asked the question seriously, I am sure."

"Why, no," Mr. Fay replied, with a perplexed look, "but we are certainly standing away from the island, and I do not understand why we should be—that's all."

"It is very easily explained. The barometer indicates heavy weather, and it is not always safe to be to the windward of one of these islands, with a hurricane blowing you on to a lee shore, so we are going to stand off and on until Master Wayne finishes his explorations, and is ready to come on board again."

"Ah! to be sure. Well, I'm glad I didn't go with him, for I believe it would have made me rather nervous to see my vessel sailing away, leaving me in such a Robinson Crusoish position. You'll scarcely lose sight of it, though, I suppose."

"That will depend upon circumstances, but we have the bearings and can find it again whenever we wish without the least difficulty, if it should happen to get hull down."

There was a suppressed laugh among the two or three seamen who were occupied within hearing, that struck Mr. Fay unpleasantly, but he could not imagine Ralph capable of committing the enormity he had been planning ever since the voyage commenced, and he presently retired to the cabin, his daughter following him.

As yet Gertrude had said nothing, but she had been an attentive observer of what had passed, and a heavy weight of apprehension resting on her heart told her that all was not right. But a moment's reflection had shown her that if, as she vaguely feared, Wayne and his companion had been indeed abandoned, and that some other evil fate was reserved for herself and father, they were powerless in the hands of the man who had about him a crew who knew no law but to do his bidding. So she resolved to say nothing to arouse her parent's fears, which she perceived were not yet awakened, until she had something more than conjectures to trouble him with.

It was with an anxious heart, however, that at an early hour she saw him withdraw to his state room, leaving her alone in the cabin. Poor Gertrude! With his departure the feeling of apprehension that oppressed her seemed to increase tenfold, but her faith told her that the same guiding, guarding Providence that could keep her at her own fireside was as efficacious for her preservation here, on that great waste of water, surrounded by lawless men, and with a childlike confidence in the Father's promise to be with his children in the day of trouble, she opened her prayer book at the services familiar to her ear from her earliest remembrance when kneeling at the family altar,—"In particular we beseech Thy gracious protection for this night"—and "Grant us grace always to live in such a state that we may never be afraid to die," were petitions she had listened to nightly since her childhood, but never before had she felt so earnestly grateful that frail mortality can approach with such supplication He who holds the destinies of all in His hand.

It was near ten o'clock, and still Gertrude lingered in the solitary cabin, pondering over the events of the afternoon and what the future foreboded, when her meditations were suddenly broken in upon by the abrupt entrance of Capt. Gale. She arose hurriedly and was about to retire, when his voice, which had something of stern command in it, arrested her.

"Pardon me, Miss Gertrude," he began, "but I have an important communication, which had best be made at once, hence I ventured to intrude upon you at a somewhat unseasonable hour."

"I will hear what you desire to say," she said, with quiet dignity, "but let me beg you to be brief, for I was about going to my room."

"I will be brief, and to the point," he answered, a dark flush sweeping over his forehead. "When I say that I have loved you madly, boisterously, ever since I first knew you, I do not suppose I shall say aught you did not divine long ago."

"Capt. Gale, I cannot listen to such language, or I should say, I can have no answer that would not pain you, if you are sincere in what you say. Let me wish you 'good night.'"

"Remain where you are!" Ralph said authoritatively. "You must listen to what I have to say, and—"

"Must!" Gertrude repeated, drawing her form up to its full height, while her blue eyes flashed scornful defiance. "I did not wish to wound you, by rejecting with unnecessary harshness your professions of regard, but you compel me to say that I have no sentiment save that of absolute loathing for the man who brought ruin and death upon my early friend, Jennie Graham."

Gertrude again turned toward the door, but Ralph placed his back against it and motioned her away.

"Do you wish me to summon my father?" she said, looking upon him as she would have done upon a reptile.

"I advise you not to, if you have any regard for him. I have heard you. You shall hear me, and then it is for yourself to determine upon your line of conduct. It has pleased you to repel with contumely and scorn the love I have laid at your feet. Very well—but before considering your decision final, permit me to explain a little plan I have been engaged in perfecting for some months. It may interest you.

"I have a cousin, who so ingratiated himself into favor with the only father I ever knew, that at his death he left to him an immense fortune—to me this vessel in which we sail. Some men would have chafed at being thus deprived of their birthright, and so lost the chance of regaining it, but I am a patient man, and did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, I was the first to offer my congratulations to my relative upon his good fortune, taking care to express myself satisfied with what had fallen to my lot. It seemed the man who had been so generous to Wayne Ildreth and so miserly to me left a request that his heir should make a pilgrimage to a certain island, which you saw this afternoon, for some purpose which I do not even care to know. The heir required the assistance of myself and vessel in this emergency, and he obtained it; in the first place, because he had money which he chose to lavish on this fool's errand, and secondly, because the will by which he held his possessions gave them to me in the event of my outliving him, which I thought not impossible, if we made such a voyage together; and thirdly, because I imagined, and the event showed that I calculated not unwisely, that it would help me forward with another little project, which I will explain ere we proceed.

"You must know, then, that there was a certain proud, scornful lady, whom I had been fool enough to love with the only honest passion I ever felt for a woman. She received my advances with disdain, but the time to set that affair right came very opportunely when I engaged to go island-hunting with Mr. Wayne Ildreth, for some wise Dr. of Medicine had, I chanced to know, recommended her sire to take a lengthy sea voyage for his health. A friend of mine, with whom he was slightly acquainted, at my instigation mentioned casually in his presence that the brigantine Calypso was going on just such a cruise for the magnificent amusement of a young millionaire, whom all the fashionable world knew by reputation. That was all I had to do—I knew Mr. Fay would apply for passage. I knew he would obtain it—I know you would accompany him, and so it came to pass, and you only discovered who commanded the vessel in which you sailed when we were at sea, and to turn back was impossible.

"Thus far every thing was satisfactory. This afternoon I played one of my best cards, by leaving my adventurous relative on yon island, with an exceedingly precocious boy to keep him company. I am on my way back to the States now to succeed to his fortune. Nothing will be easier. I must so far depart from the truth as to assert, and back my assertion by the testimony of a witness or two, that Master Wayne, together with this good ship and *all* on board, save myself and my associates there present, perished in a storm at sea."

"Then you have abandoned your cousin and that young boy on that desolate island," Gertrude said, with a shudder.

"I have done precisely that, Miss Gertrude."

"What object have you in proclaiming to me your own infamy?"

"Simply to convince you that I am rather a determined man, and do not scruple at much when in the pursuit of an object upon which I have set my heart."

"Did you form such a miserable estimate of my character that you imagined you could frighten me into a compliance with your wishes by unfolding the hideous plot you laid to murder your cousin?"

"Something closely analogous to that occurred to me, but before going farther, let me correct one slight error into which you have fallen. I don't object particularly to hard names—that of murderer, however, I am really not entitled to. My good cousin has a boat that would live anywhere with proper management, and thanks to the forethought of his companion, who has by far the deepest head of the two, it is well provisioned. Master Wayne is not much of a sailor, nor is St. Anna either, I suppose; but it is pretty safe to prophecy that they will box about until they find their way to some South American port, or are picked up by some vessel. I expected and wished him to escape after my turn was served by his apparent death. And now give me your careful attention for a moment.

"We are now sailing direct for Panama. At that place I shall leave you, cross the Isthmus, and within ten days be in New York, and at the expiration of a month or so Wayne Ildreth's fortune will have passed to me. I shall convert it as soon as possible into portable property, and depart with it to meet my Calypso at some port which shall be previously agreed upon. After that Cousin Wayne may find his way back to the States as soon as he pleases."

"Again I ask what possible reason you have for explaining to me the depths of depravity into which you have fallen?"

"I would make you my lawful wife."

"Your wife! Did you dream that *I*—that any woman could wed a man who had thus boasted to her face of his wickedness and perfidy?"

"I did not conceive it to be altogether impossible, or I should have been more guarded in my speech."

"Take my answer, then! I would die a thousand deaths—perish by the most exquisite torture that malignant ingenuity ever invented, before I would become the wife of such as you."

"There is a worse doom than death for *such as you*."

For the first time during this trying ordeal, Gertrude trembled. An ashy paleness overspread her face—her hands fell lifeless as she gazed with widely dilated eyes upon the face of her tormentor.

"I perceive you are already wavering in your resolution," he said calmly. "I will hasten to conclude what I have to say, and leave you to yourself. I have convinced you by this time, I think, that I am not a man to be balked in a purpose. I determined long ago that you should be mine, and as surely as there is a God you *shall* be. Marry me by any religious mummery you please, and the wealth that is within my grasp shall be lavished to gratify your lightest wish. Refuse me, and before I leave you as I mentioned, you will have lost what tears, prayers and blood cannot restore. Nor will you escape me then. You are surrounded by men—ruffians, if you please—who will do my bidding to any extremity. They will guard you during my absence, unless your beauty proves too strong a temptation; and when I return it will be to renew the relation I shall have established with you, till I weary of my toy, and spurn you from me, to become the plaything of whoever cares to waste an idle moment with a discarded mistress. In all God's world there are only these two roads for you to travel. Take time and decide which you prefer, always remembering that you will be watched closely, and if you speak of this matter to your father except to tell him that it is your wish to become my wife, which will not shock him, I think, as he is already quite prepossessed in my favor, it will be the signal for his instant death—so be wise and cautious. Good night."

"May God pity and help me!" cried the horror-stricken girl, sinking to her knees as the door closed upon the relentless man who had her so completely in his power.

"That's a pious observation! and if the Almighty ha'n't got a helpin' hand for the likes o' you, then my father, who was a religious man and a deacon, never had no more idee of theology than a turnip," said a drawling, nasal voice almost at her elbow.

Gertrude sprung to her feet to see what new danger or insult menaced her, and would have been surprised had she not been goaded beyond the point of experiencing such an emotion, to see the sharp visage of Mr. Coonrod peering from the partially closed door that opened from the cabin into her own stateroom.

"If you are a man, let my helplessness defend me!" she said in a pleading voice, again sinking to her knees, and clasping her hands. "You surely would not harm a poor girl who has never injured you."

"I calc'late, marm, you never come n'igher hittin' the nail square on the head in your hull life, but I must have my say, and be off before the capting finds out I ain't sick in my berth as he s'poses I am. I knew it warn't manners to crawl into a lady's stateroom through the winder, without her leave, and listen while a feller was makin' love to her, but you see I knew what that bloody villain was up to, all along, and I've been calc'latin' when the time come to let you know you'd one friend that neither he or you thought on. I guessed from the shape of things you needed a little friendly help tonight 'bout as much as you'd ever be likely to, so I took the only way I could think on to see you alone for a minute. And now I must do another dreadful unmannerly thing; I must ask ye to come in here with me and shet the door till we can talk the matter over a bit, 'cause it wont do to run any reak of the capting's catchin' us together. If he once s'pected what I was up to, this vessel would be without a fust mate awful sudden."

I believe a really pure minded maiden may always obey with perfect safety the instincts of her heart. Since that hallowed night when such an one in the stable at Bethlehem gave birth to the Saviour of men, I believe them to have been under God's especial care, the holiest links in the chain of humanity reaching from earth to heaven, and so long as they remain uncontaminated, like our Lord's Virgin mother, I like to think that only such instincts are permitted them as obeyed will lead them away from danger.

A sudden impulse told Gertrude she might trust this uncouth stranger, and she obeyed it. Rising to her feet, she approached and gave him her hand.

"I believe you speak truly," she said, "and now when I am sorely tried, and there is danger all around me, I throw myself upon your honor, and may God deal with you as you do with me!"

"I can say a rousin' Amen to that!" the Long Islander responded as he drew her into the darkened state room and closed and bolted the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Armenian Women.

It would appear that nowhere is the patriarchal system carried to a greater extent than among the Armenians. During the lifetime of the father, all the sons and their descendants live together in one common dwelling; and thus houses may be found which, from the number of their inhabitants, resemble bee-hives, often comprising three or four generations. All the property is held in common by the descendants of the head of the house. Brothers and sisters inherit equally, but until the death of the head no one can possess anything separate from all the others. Until marriage the Armenian girls go about as they like; they are unveiled, and enjoy as much freedom as they could do in European countries, flirting, love-making, and marrying to please themselves, as in more civilized lands. But once married, and all is changed. From that time until she bears a child, she never speaks to any one except her husband; and then only in private. After she becomes a mother, she may speak to her mother-in-law first, and after the lapse of certain periods, to her own mother, her sisters-in-law, and her own sisters. She is always veiled, even in her own house; she never speaks to male strangers, and she seldom or never leaves the house. Her finery, jewelry, and ornaments can be shown only to those of her own sex; and in every way her seclusion is as complete as that of the Turkish women. On the other hand the Armenian women seldom do any hard work; they remain at home while their husbands labor in the fields, and they enjoy, probably on account of their acquaintance prior to marriage, much more respect and confidence from their husbands than falls to the share of the Turkish wife, who, moreover, has to divide with two or three rivals the little affection or respect which her husband deigns to bestow on her. As the Armenian women can only talk in her own house below her breath, that none of her male relatives may hear what she says, it follows that the consequence which usually results from the residence of so many women in one house, incessant quarrelling, is quite avoided. Custom, the strongest of all laws, forbidding them to speak above a whisper, a war of words could only be carried on under great difficulties; and as yet, at least, speaking on the fingers, which would also require a knowledge of spelling, an accomplishment very few of them possess, is not introduced to facilitate the interchange of hostilities between those ancient enemies, mothers and daughters-in-law. Yet it is not easy to realise the idea of a large family circle in which all the ladies sit mute, only converse among themselves in whispers.

A WISE CHILD THAT KNEW HIS OWN FATHER.—On the corner of Fifth avenue and Seventh street, while the Highland regiment was passing an extraordinary crowd, a little fellow of the tender age of four summers rushed up to one of its members, shouting, "Hooray, daddy! hooray! Give me five cents!" The veteran, though he had never seen the urchin before, picked him up in his arms and kissed him, when his own wife, whom he had not seen or heard from for over four years, pressed up to him and seized him by the hand. When the greetings natural to the occasion were over, judge of his astonishment to learn that he was indeed the father of the little boy whom he held in his arms, who had been born in his absence, and he now, by a strange and unaccountable instinct, knew his parent, though beholding him for the first time. These circumstances created a lively interest among some ladies and gentlemen who were made acquainted with them; the former took the mother under their protection, and gave the little one some peppermint candy, while the gentlemen took "papa" down to Delmonico's, and there did the proper thing.—*New York Tribune*, July 5.

EN ECHELON.—An army letter says:—"I remember in that night of blackness and gloom at Chantilly, a young aid—a mere youth in his teens—rode up to Kearney and said: 'Colonel Poe reports for orders.' 'Tell Colonel Poe to move out to the front, and form his regiment en echelon.' 'Yes, sir,' said the aid, and turned to gallop away. 'Stop, boy,' cried Kearney, 'do you know what en echelon means?' 'Yes, sir; it means a military pair of stairs, sir.' 'Ah, ha! that's right; go ahead,' and the aid vanished into the darkness."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1865.

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WRITING FOR THE PAPERS.

"One reason why so comparatively few books succeed," said a well-known publisher to us not long since, "is because every school girl thinks she can write. She makes the effort, encouraged by the over-praise of incompetent and too indulgent friends; a publisher is induced to take hold of it, and it is widely advertised. The public is 'humbugged,' and as a natural consequence refuses to be 'taken in' too often in the same way. By such ventures the market is glutted, and publishers are afraid to take the responsibility of new books now, unless they are endorsed by a standard reputation—a *name* that will sell *anything*."

This is only too true, and we have often wished to express a few sentiments on the subject. Not one among the hundreds of young people who endeavor to launch their frail barques upon the sea of literature has any just idea of the mischief they are doing—the misery they create in the world. Do not start and exclaim at this, young authors. We speak truth. Many make the attempt through vanity and ambition—a desire to see their names "in print." Others because they must do something to obtain bread, and it seems an easy, genteel, congenial way. But there is a "fitness in things" that is not always considered, and the aspirant for independence through such a channel does not, perhaps, pause to reflect whether there is not some better and more lucrative way than this. It is enough to make the heart ache to see the extent of this "literary mania" amongst all classes, from the refined heiress down even to the utterly illiterate and uncultivated. Every soul who finds itself cast out to struggle for itself turns to the pen, as if that alone, in all the wide world, was left to it. By such means those who have ability to gain a fair livelihood are cut off from it, because a publisher can pick up enough here and there to fill his columns, without paying more for it than the gratification of a "morbid vanity," and exciting hopes in the breast of the hapless author that may never be realized. To be a successful writer, one should be endowed with a marked original talent, and that talent should be aided by a careful culture which would enable the author to mark a distinct path for him or herself, and make the world wiser and better for the labors accomplished. Young people know nothing of the long years of toil which *may* win in the end, the sickening suspense, the weary waitings with "hopes deferred," which "maketh the heart sick." By some means it comes to their knowledge that somebody has written an article for which a fabulous (to them) sum has been paid. The article reads well. It seems easy and simple, however, and they are sure they could do as well. Vanity, or *necessity*, it may be, prompts them to try, and the result is not so pleasing. Weeks of waiting with no word of hope, and all this time other things left undone that should claim attention. Or there may be a "word of hope" forgotten by the luckless editor whose kind heart prompts it at the moment, but from whose overworked brain it is fast crowded by daily and hourly labors. An editor's heart is generally warm—full of generosity and sympathy, but he is not a Rothschild, and cannot supply from his own purse what the interest of his paper will not allow him to give for an article which, to use, would ruin its standard.

All this is a sad and serious matter. If the thoughtless young girls who have no *need* to make such efforts would withhold them, many a weary little one, with no other hope, might not have to turn away with quivering lip and brimming eyes, wondering in the depths of her sorely tried heart if "God has forsaken" her.

Even amongst those cast adrift upon the world there should be several self-put questions ere this overture is made. "Is there no better way?" "Can I do nothing else?" Those ways may not seem so congenial, but there are few cases, could they but know it, that are not *better*.

Take this into consideration. It is worthy of it; and if you must work, see first if you have it not in you to become master or mistress of something that will yield bread without leaving the heartburnings, the toilsome years and the worn out brain which the "Story Writer" carries often down to an early grave. Happily there it ends. But they are wise who make no useless crosses for themselves to bear.

PAYING THE NATIONAL DEBT.

As there seems to be just now coming into existence a sort of millionaire mania, something singularly developing itself in individual promises to pay the National Debt, on demand, the demand to be made when several hundred thousand other patriots shall have *promised* to pay $20,000 each—that is the lowest exhibition of patriotism permitted, I believe,—there are several of us who do not happen to have quite that amount that we can conveniently spare just now, would like to have some one inform us just what these money kings mean.

If they are really sincere, and are ready to perform what they are promising so publicly patriotic, why do they wait for those several hundred thousand other improbable $20,000 subscribers to the call on demand? Why not walk square up to the office at once, and say to the Secretary of the Treasury, "There, sir, is my twenty or forty or five hundred thousand dollars. Take it and cancel so much of the debt at once."

The $20,000 feature has a sinister look about it. If patriotism or the public good is the ruling motive in the hearts of these public promisers to pay, why lay on the $20,000 restriction? If they are in earnest, why not accept into their sacred circle all classes of bidders—five hundreds, fifties, fives, and down to ones, as we did in the Washington Monument and Mount Vernon funds? Or do they mean to say to us of lighter purses than $20,000, "You of the rabble have no right to exhibit patriotism in small doses, or purchase pleayune titles in National prosperity!"

The whole thing as it stands has much the look of a cheap scheme to purchase the widest possible popularity of the favored few to the entire exclusion of the less fortunate many. If the thing were popularly nationalized by admitting "anything-you-please" bids, it is probable that the desideratum might be achieved in a shorter period than was required to raise the Mount Vernon purchase money. At it is, we may look several years beyond the millenium for its accomplishment.

A WORD FOR THE LADIES.

Now that the sultry season is upon us, and we seize every moment offered for seaside enjoyments, we consider that a word with regard to the dress most suited to watering-places may not be amiss. We certainly may enhance every pleasure that can be found at those resorts by a more suitable mode of dress than we are in the habit of tolerating. Every lady we know burthens herself with huge trunks filled with elegant dresses, laces, ruffles, &c., enough to drag her down with the care of them, more than she can possibly regain by the sea air and bathing. We speak advisedly. Fine dress takes time and care to keep it so, and interferes with a thousand pleasant arrangements by which we might gain health, strength and a pure draught of pleasure. The terrible fear of "spoiling a dress" will step in between us and everything that is richest in the way of enjoyment; we know it from experience. Therefore we have adopted quite a different plan, and it works so well, we cannot refrain from suggesting it to our lady friends.

One good sized trunk will hold everything a lady needs for a month's sojourn at a watering-place—provided she goes for real pleasure. Two or three thin dresses for dinner and evening—a silk for gloomy in-door days—and a good, stout dress for excursions, which can be worn fearlessly *anywhere*. It may be neat, as well as useful. And in wearing it, no lady can help feeling "nice," if she is fishing, boating or rambling along the beach. The best dresses are print, and in adopting these, two or more can be taken, and when soiled, washed. They are infinitely prettier than more costly material, which with one ramble or sail may be inevitably

ruined. Thick shoes, to match, for all these exercises—lighter ones for the house, of course. They will not take up much room, and the fewer articles there are to look after, the less trouble—the more genuine enjoyment will we find. When one goes to the seaside all "city" fashions should be left behind. Leave the gay world, and sport a season with Nature unrestrained. Go sailing, fishing, bowling, rambling at will. Enjoy it all without being troubled with dress. Never mind sunburn and freckles. They will fade with the winter, but leave us with stronger frames, rosier cheeks and happier hearts for our summer's recreations. If a lady selects a dress suitable in color to her style of feature and complexion, having it to fit nicely to the figure, it is always charming—makes her always attractive, no matter how plain it may be. The plainer and cheaper, the better for a dozen reasons.

If such a style were universally adopted, there would be no contrasts to displease the more fastidious or excite competition; and, as a consequence, every lady would feel at ease. It would enable them to join their husbands and friends in excursions in which they can have no part with a fine dress on—removes the restraint such necessary care imposes upon a man, and makes him happy in the society of ladies, with none of the fear which she throws as a chain around his movements, when she forces him every moment to make himself watchful of her, lest she should meet with some mishap to her apparel.

Can we not do away with so much that is superficial, and adopt only real necessaries for our summer wear? If we could only persuade our friends to try it once—take one good "free and easy" summer at the seaside, regardless of fashionable dress, we think they would never wish to "shine" again, save in the garb most suited to the place they happen to be in.

A Balloon Duel.

Perhaps the most remarkable duel ever fought took place in 1803. It was peculiarly French in its tone, and could hardly have occurred under any other than a French state of society. M. Le Granpre and M. Le Pique had a quarrel, arising out of jealousy concerning a lady engaged at the Imperial Opera. They agreed to fight a duel to settle their respective claims, and in order that the heat of angry passions should not interfere with the polished elegance of the proceeding, they postponed the duel for a month, the lady agreeing to bestow her smiles on the survivor of the two, if the other was killed; or, at all events, this was inferred by the two men, if not actually expressed. The duellists were fighting in the air. Two balloons were constructed precisely alike. On the day denoted, Le Granpre and his second entered the car of one balloon, Le Pique and his second that of the other. It was in the Garden of the Tuileries, amid the immense concourse of spectators. The gentlemen were to fire, not at each other, but at each other's balloons, in order to bring them down by the escape of gas, and, as pistols might hardly have served the purpose, each aronaut took a blunderbuss in his car. At a given signal, the ropes that retained the cars were cut, and the balloons ascended. The wind was moderate, and kept the balloons in about their original distance of eighty yards apart. When half a mile above the surface of the earth, a preconcerted signal for firing was given. M. Le Pique fired, but missed. M. Le Granpre fired, and sent a ball through Le Pique's balloon. The balloon collapsed, the car descended with frightful rapidity, and Le Pique and his second were dashed to pieces. Le Granpre continued his ascent triumphantly, and terminated his aerial voyage successfully at a distance of seven leagues from Paris.

An Astronomer's Prayer.

These are the last words in Kepler's "Harmony of the World:"—"Thou who, by the light of nature, hast kindled in us the longing after the light of Thy grace, in order to raise us to the light of Thy glory, thanks to Thee, Creator and Lord, that Thou lettest me rejoice in Thy works. Lo, I have done the work of my life with that power of intellect which Thou hast given. I have recorded to men the glory of Thy works, as far as my mind could comprehend their infinite majesty. My senses were awake to search, as far as I could, with purity and faithfulness. If I, a worm before Thine eyes, and born in the bonds of sin, have brought forth anything that is unworthy of Thy counsels, inspire me with Thy spirit that I may correct it. If, by the wonderful beauty of Thy works, I have been led into boldness; if I have sought my own honor among men as I advanced in the work which was destined to Thine honor, pardon me in kindness and charity, and by Thy grace grant that my teaching may be to Thy glory and the welfare of all men. Praise ye the Lord, ye heavenly harmonies; and ye that understand the new harmonies, praise the Lord. Praise God, O my soul, as long as I live. From Him, through Him, and in Him is all, the material as well as the spiritual—all that we know and all that we know not yet—for there is much to do that is undone."

Emigration from the Continent.

An article in a Swedish paper contains a great deal of interesting matter concerning emigration from the Continent in this century. From Germany, between 1840 and 1860, there departed for other lands 1,846,000, nearly all of whom went to America; Switzerland, between 1851 and 1852, lost 24,000 of her citizens, who went to Transatlantic countries; in the forty years ending 1860, not less than 208,000 Frenchmen emigrated to countries on the other side of the Atlantic, besides 120,000 who emigrated to Algeria and Senegal. The North American States absorbed 27,000 emigrants from Italy and Spain. In the short period of three years not less than 25,000 Portuguese took up their residence in Brazil, whereas not more than 2,000 at the outside emigrated to America in the forty years, including 1860. Of Belgians, 80,000 went to the United States between 1851 and 1860. From 1851 to 1857 there left Holland 30,000. How many have quitted Sweden and Denmark there are no means of ascertaining, but in the former country 15,000 persons were supplied with passports between 1851 and 1860; while from Denmark, from 1820 to 1860, the number of emigrants did not exceed 6,000, the greater part went to the Mormons.

☞ Liberty, like love, is as hard to keep as to win, and the exertions by which it was originally gained will be worse than fruitless, if they be not followed up by the assiduities by which alone it can be preserved.

☞ Think twice on a good bargain.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY COSMO.

Mineral Wealth—Precious Stones—Silver—Iron—Coal—Coin—Currency—Counterfeiting—Economizing Resources.

As yet comparatively nothing has been done towards developing the mineral wealth of the vast empire of Brazil—only just so much as is sufficient to indicate supplies inexhaustible, and in their variety exceeding perhaps those of any other country upon the surface of the globe.

With the exceptions of gold, and lead, neither of which metals have ever thus far, and it is believed never will be found in very great abundance, the country might at any time within these fifty years past, by the proper application and direction of industry, have produced ample supplies for its every need at cheaper rates than it has always paid for imported material.

The commercial portions of community in various countries have long since acquired a partial knowledge of the value of Brazilian trade, inasmuch as they get immense supplies of material for making leather, and liberal consignments of coffee from that country, and in return find there a wide and profitable market for their fabrics. But beyond this foreigners know as yet very little of the many and vast resources of the empire. France, England, and Germany supply the Brazilians with all woven fabrics, earthenware, ironware, cutlery, jewelry, and coal. The United States furnish flour, lumber, and some machinery. Spain and Portugal, salt and wines, and the vessels of all these countries supplying Brazil with such material as she has or may have in abundance return ladened with such material as their own countries have not, and never can have by production.

So far as evidence has been obtained it is conclusive that throughout its entire length and breadth Brazil is rich—very rich in all the minerals, with the exception of the two already mentioned, and when we come to take into consideration the fact that nearly all the mineral discoveries of the empire have *happened* within the observation of unskilled, unscientific wanderers through the interior, we may naturally enough conclude that when research and investigation shall be properly prosecuted, there will be discovered such resources as shall place Brazil in this respect among the most favored nations in the world. To-day there is actually far less known in regard to the resources of Brazil, beyond the limits of her hide and coffee interests, than we know of the interior of Africa. But the hidden wealth of the vast territories—treasures that have remained unenergized in the dark recesses of Nature's immense magazines since the world's birth will be dragged from their dark hiding places by the scientific and thorough investigations of Professor Agassiz, and when the veil which has so long hidden her internal wealth from observation, and the people of the world shall wonder at the immensity of unveiled treasures, displayed Brazilians will wonder more than all. They had never believed themselves or their country so rich.

The diamond district proper of Brazil is confined to a small portion of a single province—that of Matto Grosso, lying between the parallels of 16 and 20 deg. of south latitude, a hundred miles from the coast, and within a division of the Coast Range or Brazilian Andes, forking like the letter Y and opening southward.

The mining, or more properly, the washing for diamonds has been actively conducted in this region since the earlier settlement of the country, in part assumed, and so hampered by Government as to induce all manner of roguery, and although the enterprise has always been remuneratively productive, it is almost certain that under judicious regulations it would be many times more so.

But Matto Grosso is by no means the only jewel field of Brazil. Indeed there is evidence that gems and precious stones of the various denominations are scattered broad cast all over the immense empire. Diamonds probably are more abundant in the one region named than anywhere else, but very fine ones of better "water" than any yet found in the great Brazilian Golconda have been picked up promiscuously throughout the empire from the Amazon to the *Rio Grande do Sul*, and from the Atlantic coast to the elevated plains of the *Geral*.

Wanderers along the thousand tributaries of the Amazon pick up from the beds of streams pearls, topazes, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and opals, while the less valuable stones, as the blood stone, porphyry, agate, cornelian, and the most magnificent and perfect chrystals in the world are everywhere to be met with in all the water courses of the Great Brazilian Basin. I do not wish to be understood by the expression "everywhere" that these precious stones may be gathered up indiscriminately by cart loads as readily as paving stones from a new New Hampshire farm, but that for precious stones they are abundant. And when we come to take into consideration the fact that the tide of the Amazon ebbs and flows nearly seven hundred miles from the sea in the inland two hundred miles, leaving millions of acres of gem-bearing sands bare at every low tide, that the vast stream is navigable for steamboats more than three thousand miles from its mouth, and has over fifty thousand miles of tributary navigation, we shall find that there is a wide and easily accessible field open to enterprising treasure seekers.

While prospecting once about the waters of the upper Rio Grande, in the extreme southern portion of the empire, we came upon a great many rounded, rough looking, dark colored stones scattered along the water courses. A German *attache* of the commission, who professed to be something of a lapidary, assured me that these rough river stones were very fine quality cornelians and agates. I had some faith in the man's assertions, and between us we gathered up so many of the rough rocks as would fill two barrels, piled them in our canvas, and on our return to Rio Grande shipped them to London, consigned to a manufacturing jeweller somewhere in the Strand, whose address I obtained from the British Consul, begging the gentleman's opinion in respect to the rocks, and asking him that in case he should find the material of any value to remit to me whatever sum he might consider them worth.

In about seven months came the London man's response, first in a schedule of weights and fineness and qualities, and all muddled up with "carats" and calculations, covering three foolscap pages of figures and hieroglyphics that I understood no more of than I did of the internal structure of the moon, closing with a very urgent request that I would ship to him all such material as I could obtain. Then there was an enclosure that I *did* understand perfectly. It was a sight draft on the house of James Birkhead & Co. at Rio Janeiro for £227 12s 8d sterling. A very fair return, Muller and I thought, for our two barrels of rough Rio Grande rocks that had cost us something like one pound seven shillings, freight included. We might have engaged in the Rio Grande stone trade, but just at the time we were on the point of setting out for Buenos Ayres, and whether or not there was ever any subsequent shipments of the material I am unadvised.

Silver mines, though not as numerous as they are in Peru, Bolivia and Chili, would probably be as productive as the mines of those countries, if worked to the same extent. But the policy of the government has been for many years opposed to the development of all mineral resources, as we shall see presently, from the remarks of a high functionary. Besides this, the trade of Brazil with all the adjoining countries is of such a nature that all the returns are necessarily in coin, obviating the necessity of an extensive coinage of her own, either in gold or silver, that of all the Spanish American republics, Ecuador alone excepted, being current at par in the empire. So the Brazilians husband their precious metals against a time of need.

Iron is abundant in all the mountain and *sierra* regions and in thousands of localities, where it is very easily obtainable, and yet it is not used. There is not in the whole empire a single forge or blast furnace like one of our Pennsylvania iron works. There are, it is true, some foundries and machine shops at Rio Bahia, Pernambuco and Rio Grande, but what crude iron they require is all imported from England in "pigs" or "blooms." Not a pound of native ore has been utilized, so far as I know.

Once in the Province of San Paulo, Senor Jose Gomez, a somewhat enterprising merchant and a man of wealth, having come into possession of a large tract of land in the interior, said to me one day:

"Senor Cosmo, I have on my *estancia* a windmill built in the days of the Jesuits. It has been a fine mill, but one of the iron wheels is broken. Can you make one?"

"I think so, Senor Jose."

"Very well. Let us go and see."

So we went to see—a three days' ride out in the *campo*. I found the piece of disabled machinery a simple, plain, very rough cog wheel of iron, which I could easily enough replace when I once had the material and facilities. The material we had in profusion on the spot. There were blocks and bits of *iron* stone literally strewing the ground. Corrals were built of it, and even the walls of the mill itself was laid up with blocks of ore that would have given ninety per cent. of pure metal.

We could erect a cupola furnace, get a half dozen blacksmiths' bellows from St. Catharine's to blow up a heat, burn our charcoal on the spot, use the broken wheel for a pattern, fill in the cupola with coal, and our choice of the surrounding ore, blast away, cast our wheel, and set the old Jesuitical *molino de vent* in motion. O yes, we could do that easily. But we couldn't. We got every thing prepared, however, at a cost of about six hundred mil reis, when an injunction was served on us by the alcade of the district, who forbade us using a single ounce of that ore. It was forbidden by law.

So Senor Gomez was obliged to send the old, broken wheel over to England, and wait eleven months before he saw his old "Jesuit" revolving.

It is probable that coal will in time be found as widely distributed throughout the Brazilian Empire as it is in the United States. There is everywhere evidence of its existence, and in many of the southern portions of the country the indications are that a supply may be readily obtained equaling the demand, which at the present time requires an annual outlay on Government account alone of something over thirteen millions of *mil reis*. England supplies nearly all the coal consumed in Brazil.

Once when a party of us Yankees dug out in one of the southern provinces, and thought to utilize on board of our little river steamer a quantity of the most beautiful, free burning coal in the world. We got caught at it, fined, compelled to pitch our fuel overboard, and threatened with imprisonment.

One of the beauties of Brazilian traffic in a small way—a beauty that one does not see very clearly—is in shopping or marketing. You purchase an article valued at a dollar say. You offer a doubloon in payment, and get in change perhaps three silver dollars, two in lesser silver coin, and the remaining ten in dingy, dirty *dumps* and *vintems*—two and one cent copper coins. There you have a beautiful pile of specie to lug about. To a lady going to market or shopping, a purse-bearer is as much a necessity as a parasol.

One of the peculiarities of the currency, you do not get to understand quite clearly in the first six months of shopping experience in Brazil. A *mil reis* is half a dollar—a *meo ego patagone* is half a dollar—*deis estoins* is a half dollar—*quatro patacho e dos vintems* are half a dollar—an *estoin* is five cents—*a patacho* is sixteen cents—a *vintem*, one cent. Very well. Now let us go a shopping. In every instance the article priced is to be half a dollar.

At the first place we make the inquiry thus: "*Como vende isso?*" How do you sell this? Answer.—"*Hum mil rei.*" Half a dollar. Try it again. "*Qual quero por isso?*" How much do you want for this? Answer.—"*Meya patagone.*" Half a dollar. Thirdly. "*Qual preco isso?*" "*Deis estoins.*" Half a dollar. "*Que Quero?*" (Literally, What do you want?) Answer.—"*Quartro patacho e dos vintems.*" Half a dollar.

"*Quanto coosta isso?*" How much costs this? Answer.—"*Sinquenta vintems.*" Fifty cents.

There we have five different ways of asking one question, and the same number of answers for the same thing. All very delightful to a foreigner with only a limited amount of *book* Portuguese.

In 1844 I think it was, we had an inundation of spurious coin, representing the silver coinage in dollars of every Spanish South-American country, (except Equador, Spain, Portugal, and Mexico. The bogus coin was so bright, glossy, and beautiful, and so much better executed than the genuine material, that everybody was delighted. There was a universal scramble for the new coin for a month or two, and the prospect was at first that the beautiful glitters would drive the rough, honest, clumsy, old dollars entirely out of the country. But the lustre of the usurpers soon began to fade, and they gradually fell into disrepute.

About the time when they stood highest in favor, a friend and countryman of mine took some four hundred of them—"Spaniards" and "Mexicans"—from a slippery Frenchman, who handed them in one evening in payment of a debt. They were tied up in a bag, and my friend never thought of counting or even looking at them. But the next morning, when he discovered their quality, he would have Monsieur Gaspard take them back and give him good money. But Monsieur utterly refused to do anything of the kind. So my friend had him arrested, and taken before the *Delegado*—mayor.

The sapient old magistrate reprimanded my friend sharply when he came to examine the coin.

"Why do you complain of this money, Senor? Don't you see it is much prettier than any of the old dollars we have? I think it much better. We have no law that I know of against passing this coin, and if we had I would not enforce it. The more money we have the richer we are of course. Senor Gaspard, you are at liberty."

But the government learned, after a year or so, that the wise *delegado's* maxim was at fault where one's riches happened to consist in pewter dollars, and so there was a law passed making the uttering of spurious coin or paper in the empire a felony, for which the penalty was the loss of the right hand, cut off at the wrist. Under such a rule, counterfeiting soon went out of fashion in Brazil, and we gradually got back our rough, honest old dollars again.

One day, when circumstances brought me in contact and conversation with one of the high officials in Rio, I asked him two very simple questions, and obtained the information I had been two years seeking.

"Vicompt, why is it that I was forbidden to melt and use a few pounds of iron ore, when it was much more plenty in the neighborhood than common stones? And why were my friends and myself fined and threatened with imprisonment for simply burning native coal, when the government is paying to England annually for the material more than twelve millions of mil reis?"

"My dear sir, it is all very right. We are economizing, husbanding our resources. Don't you see? When the iron and the coal of your country and of England and of all Europe is exhausted, which it will be in a very few years, then we shall have all of ours, and it will be worth as much as gold. Don't you see, we can buy now all the coal and iron and whatever other thing we require with our hides and coffee, which always come again every year? So we can afford to keep our mineral capital in bank."

Pretty fair Brazilian logic, as far as it goes, but it never gets far beyond that idea.

TALKING AND WRITING.—To talk well, and to write well, are quite distinct accomplishments, although they are sometimes found united to a high degree in the same individual. Often, however, it is quite otherwise. Poor Goldsmith occurs as a familiar example. The observations he let fall in company with his literary colleagues were so notoriously flat and pointless as to provoke the remark that he "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." Other great talkers, famous wits, have written so little that their reputation rests on *bon-mots* and anecdotes recorded by others. But even when a great talker is also a great writer, it is rarely through his own "Remains" that we appreciate his conversational abilities. We owe that privilege to the hands of camp-followers who pick clean the bones of deceased celebrities. Johnson's reputation, in this respect, owes more to Boswell than it did to himself. The unreported talker shares the fate of the singer; after his departure from the scene, his fame remains a matter of faith and tradition, which people believe in because their fathers have told them so, but the proof of which is for ever silenced.

AN ADVERTISING TOMB.—A recent visitor to Constantinople says:—"At Pera, I visited the cemetery, which is full of beautiful monuments. One tomb especially attracted my attention by the richness of its ornamentation. I imagined it to be the tomb of some great personage, and proceeded to read the inscription, which was sculptured in golden letters, and contained, as usual, high-flown traditions of the virtues of the deceased. The date of his death was, however, wanting. I inquired the reason of my guide, who told me that the explanation of the omission was very simple. The date was left out—because the man was still alive. He had caused the monument to be built four years before, on the day of his wedding, which was likewise that of the opening of his business. He came every week to visit it. My guide added that he believed the intention of this strange proceeding to be simply that of advertising the business of the party, as every one who visited the cemetery would be sure to inquire about him."

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—A most important discovery, far more so than that of the alleged source of the Nile, has just been made in South America. It is that the great River Amazon has been found to be navigable from one end to the other; that, in fact, a new route has been opened between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The Morona, a Peruvian steamer, which was sent to explore the Amazon, has arrived at Mayro, about 800 miles from Lima. The Morona navigated more than 2,000 miles of the Amazon proper, and 600 of the Yeayli and the Pachitea rivers, which, until then, had seen only Indian canoes. The country is, of course, inhabited only by savages, but it is of wonderful fertility.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON.—Milk-weed, the *Asclepias Syriaca*, is, according to the New Weekly Tribune, a substitute for cotton:—"We have been shown," says the editor, "several specimens of textile fabrics woven from the seed inclosing fibre which fills the pods of the plant well-known as milk-weed, and botanically named the *Asclepias Syriaca*. These fabrics are very soft and pleasant to the touch, as would be expected, but seem also quite firm and strong, as would not be expected. Mr. James P. McLean, of Brooklyn, has patented inventions whereby this substance is utilized. It takes dyes admirably, much better than cotton—and sheds its seeds without ginning or other difficult labor."

☞ About the hardest case ever heard of was a murderer named Stone, executed many years since in Exeter. Just before the rope was placed round his neck, he requested the sheriff to give him a mug of ale. The request being promptly attended to, he took the cup, and commenced blowing the froth from the ale. "What are you doing that for?" nervously asked the sheriff. "Because," returned the perfect wretch, "I don't think froth is healthy."

A Man Milliner in Paris.

It is curious that it should be an Englishman who regulates the dress of the Parisian "lionnes" at the present day. It is by sheer impudence that Mr. Worth has raised himself into his present position—impudence of the same kind as Beau Brummell's. It is some years since Mr. Worth established himself next door to the Pharmacie Anglaise in the Rue de la Paix. A lady goes to his "magazin," or whatever it may be called, and submits herself to his inspection: the criticism and the judgment on the "possibilities" are given in the gravest and most delicately ceremonious manner, although the result may be sometimes unpleasing; for there are certain persons whose face and figure are so incapable of improvement, that Mr. Worth declines to have anything to do with them. To those more fortunate, he says at once that they must pay for his taste as well as for the materials which he furnishes for their dress, the lace, the silk, &c. He generally names eleven or twelve hundred francs as the price for a passable gown made under his directions; but of course if ladies wish for it, he is there to direct, not their expenditure only, but their taste. After having given the proper amount of consideration to the subject, he decides upon the color and material, fashion and trimming, best suited to the individual lady. The next process is entirely in the hands of dressmakers of the usual sex; but in due time they present the lady for the first inspection. He receives her gravely and with all due decorum (Mrs. Worth being generally present), looks, criticises, directs; while the young women put in a fold here, a little fulness there, at his command. Last winter he was ill—some slight complaint, which did not oblige him to keep his room; but he was too feeble to sit up while delivering his dicta; so he received his subjects in his private *salon*, reclining on a *chaise-longue*. Of course, bills of an enormous amount may be run up at Mr. Worth's, his charge merely for an opinion being 20f. One lady owed him 100,000f.; but he consented to receive interest on this sum, and she paid him annually 6,000f. At last the money owing to him came to so much that, it is said, he lately sold the chances of repayment for ready money; another version is that the importunate creditor acted as his agent; but this much is certainly true, that, under the threat—politely made, to be sure—of the exposure of his books, which would be the consequence of bankruptcy, a great part of the sum owing to him was collected; for Parisian husbands, though they like to see their wives well dressed, have the customary marital dislike to long milliners' bills. No one can accuse Mr. Worth of infraction of any moral law; but it is certainly an odd occupation for a man—and an Englishman!—to have taken up at Paris.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ITEMS WORTH COMMITTING TO MEMORY.—A bit of glue dissolved in skim-milk and water will restore old crape. Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it. An inkstand was turned over upon a white tablecloth, a servant threw over it a mixture of salt and pepper plentifully, and all traces of it disappeared. Picture frames and glasses are preserved from flies by painting them with a brush dipped into a mixture made by boiling three or four onions in a pint of water. Bedbugs are kept away by washing the crevices with strong salt water, put on with a brush. Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and not used until three months old.

☞ MAPS.—The first regular map on record was one of brass or copper, made for Cleomenes, King of Sparta, just before his setting out on his expedition to attack the Persian empire. There exist several evidences that the Athenians were well acquainted with the use of maps. Roman generals, after a victory, were in the habit of showing to the people on their return a painting or map of the country they had conquered. Maps and charts were introduced into England about 1489, by Bartholomew, the brother of Christopher Columbus, who was detained for some time in England by Henry VII., and procured a maintenance by making and selling them.

☞ SUSPICION.—It is the worst policy in the world ever to bear an appearance of doubt towards another till he has given you good cause. Your suspicion may make an enemy, but it can never gain a friend; and a man who is distrusted, finding he has nothing to gain by honesty, or to lose by villainy, very often becomes a knave through having been suspected of being so.

☞ TOLERATION AND THE REVERSE.—The late Mrs. Browning said rather sharply, in a letter to a friend, that so far as she could see, modern thought in matters religious was developing two great classes of thinkers, "those who tolerated everybody, because they believed nothing, and those who tolerated nobody, because they believed something."

☞ A gentleman who was present at a dinner given to Grant by several Congressmen, says that the General spoke but one word during the whole dinner. His engineer, in giving an account of a passage of a river, spoke of it as thirteen feet wide. General Grant lifted his finger, and said, "fourteen."

☞ A Nevada Democrat agreed to saw in public one cord of the mahogany wood which grows in that vicinity, if George B. McClellan was not elected. He performed his task, and the wood was sold to a Republican, who had a maul made from some of it, bound with solid silver bands. He had intended it for Mr. Lincoln; but, on his death, presented it to Mrs. Lincoln, by whom it was placed in the Chicago Fair.

☞ "Think, when home returning," a sweet song at any time, is especially recommended to rakish husbands, when slagging to their domiciles at three o'clock in the morning.

☞ Abd-el-Kader, with his three wives, a number of his children, and a suite of thirty persons, were expected to arrive in Paris and become lions.

☞ Tom Thumb, with a large cigar, is mentioned as a picturesque sight at the Derby race.

☞ FEMALE BEAUTY.—When a woman has ceased to be attractive by her simple symmetry of form, she may be fascinating by her sweet womanliness.

☞ ADVICE.—When a thing is done, advice comes too late.

☞ SELF-RELIANCE.—For that thou canst do thyself rely not on another.

☞ IGNORANCE.—To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

☞ Before "love comes in at the door," it would be well for him to peep through the keyhole. He might see something that would prevent him from entering.

☞ What is the French for sleigh-horses?—*Chevaux de "freze."*

RETROSPECTION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY C. PERCY CLARKE.

How old I'm grown! and yet how few
The years I've counted on life's shore.
How old at heart—and yet how true
That heart to silvered dreams of yore.

One after one those dreams return—
Fond castles in the sunset sky.
One after one they glow and burn,
And then like crimson clouds float by.

But dearer, sadder than the rest,
A memory chrystallized in tears,
One star still lingers in the West
To gild the gloom of lonely years.

And by its flash I seem to see
A softer light of hazel eyes,
Rose lips and cheeks whose glow—to me,
Was sweeter far than summer skies.

Those flowers were by her fingers prest,
They hung from braids of dark brown hair
Upon the spotless, snow white breast
Of one—ah me!—who was *too* fair.

Dear, scentless flowers, how still you lie
Beneath these leaves of mystic lore—
Thus Hope, that only bloomed to die,
Gives out its fragrance now—no more.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"I wish Maggie would not lecture me," said my sister Hattie, pettishly, coming into my room this morning. "She forgets I am no longer a child, but a married woman now." And the tall figure was drawn erect with all the dignity due to two years of matrimonial experience.

"I scarcely meant a lecture," said a gentle voice behind Hattie, and Maggie followed her into the room. "Only, darling," she continued earnestly, "little annoyances lead to great ones, and a deference to your husband's wish in trifles will seal his love more strongly than most heroic efforts on great occasions. There, I won't say another word. I only spoke because I love you so dearly. I want your life to have all its sunshine. You must know, Harriet, how dear your happiness is to my heart."

"I do know it, you nice old thing," said Hattie, impulsively, giving Maggie an energetic embrace; "and of course you are right, as you always are. So, to prove my penitence, I will go home now, this minute."

"What is it all?" I asked.

"Punctuality!" said Hattie. "My crying sin of procrastination is a thorn in Harry's side, and I want to go down town this morning, and let him eat his dinner alone, or wait for it till I come, for I can't be back at his hour, and Maggie looks as if I proposed to stir arsenic in his soup, and laudanum in his pudding-sauce. But I'm off now. My gloves, Mag! Good-bye. It's a thousand pities you didn't marry, Mag—you would have made such a model wife. Old maids' husbands, you know," she added saucily, "are always in clover." And off she flashed, to carry her magnificent brunette beauty and fashionable dress to gladden her husband's eyes.

Maggie looked after her with a dreamy light in her large gray eyes, and said, in a musing tone, as if unconscious that she spoke aloud:

"Old maids' husbands! She is right there. What is all my fine preaching to her loving experience? I will not interfere again, for, after all, my theories may be only the whims of an old maid." And so speaking, Maggie, too left me.

The whims of an old maid! My thoughts took up the sentence as a refrain, and back over fifteen long years travelled, to the events that made an old maid of our Maggie, while my heart swelled with love and gratitude as I remembered what her whims had been to us.

Fifteen years ago! Like a panorama, the scenes came before me. First, the home of our childhood, a large, handsomely-appointed house, full of warm, loving hearts, gilded from cellar to roof by the strong ties of family affection. My father, whose face comes to me in its prime of middle life, the high forehead ennobled by intellect, the dark eyes full of fire and life, the clearly cut features handsomely moulded, the tall, erect figure, energetic and vigorous; this dear father, who lived for his home, his wife and children, was in a large railroad office, drawing a salary that covered every comfort, gave many luxuries, but left nothing for a future purse. Then my mother, very fair, very frail, the tender care of whose life had been the main object with all of us. Many months out of every year this idol of our home circle, spent on a bed of pain, prostrated by a cruel chronic disease, yet her own energy and will kept her among us whenever she could throw off the suffering. It was a creed amongst us all, mother first, and everything else afterwards. The daintiest dishes, the easiest chair, father's first evening kiss, the warmest corner in winter, the coolest place in summer—these were the daily offerings we all brought; and in return she was ever the fondest and gentlest of parents, making our home a heaven of love. Horace, our merry, frank, generous first-born, comes next, with father's face and mother's smile, fifteen years ago a boy just stepping into manhood, our only brother, and the petted darling of all. Most of all, was he Maggie's idol; there was but one year of time between their ages, and from the hour when she was brought to him, a new sister, in her helpless infancy, he gave her the truest devotion of a brother's heart. As they grew up together, this love never wavered, and if sometimes one spoiled boy made too free use of Maggie's willing hands and feet in his service, she knew that there was no boon she could ask of him that he could refuse. How can I describe our Maggie, the heroine of my reminiscences, the angel of our household.

She was below the medium height, with a slender figure, almost too fragile; even in her youth she was not beautiful. Many would have denied her even prettiness, though there were times when excitement and some becoming attire made her very lovely. Her hair was brown, soft, and fine, her eyes dark gray, full of expression, her features passable, but her mouth sensitive and flexible, was her most expressive feature, while the pretty little round chin finished her face gracefully. Her forehead was rather high, but broad, and showing the clear brain and womanly judgment of a well-trained intellect. She had pretty little hands and feet, and her movements were always graceful. From a little girl she had been our mother's *aid-de-camp*, taking her place whenever the prostrating illness confined her to her room; being housekeeper, nurse, and directress, in general of all household affairs, yet contriving always to have an hour for father's pet songs, a minute for Horace in his manifold wants, a set of busy fingers for any little finery I coveted, and a game of romp or a word of reproof for our little twin sisters, Hattie and Ethel.

I come next to Maggie, three years younger; then there was a long gap, for the twins were but five years old fifteen years ago.

This was our home circle, complete in itself, but at the time my panorama of memory begins to unfold, a new inmate came seeking admission, and the portal by which he entered was our Maggie's heart. The face that may have lacked the full perfection of beauty, was yet one to creep into a heart and cling there abidingly; a face to love tenderly, and the clear, sweet voice, the bright, half-womanly half-childlike manner, the mixture of gravity and merriment, of pathos and humor, in our darling, had won her a strong man's love, and an honorable place in a heart that held her love its highest earthly blessing. She loved him too, truly and fervently, and the wooing progressed favorably; though how she could leave Horace, or how any of us could live without her, were family speculations of grave import.

Walter Harding, her lover, was a young lawyer, who had a handsome income independent of his profession, and there was a home preparing for Maggie, where every comfort and many luxuries would be at her command. We all liked Walter, yet we all echoed father when he said he "did wish young men would look somewhere else for wives, and let his girls alone!" Yet we all agreed that if Maggie must go, her wooer was one whom we could all welcome and love as a brother.

It was in early summer, fifteen years ago, that we began to make the wedding outfit for Maggie. Every needle was busy, even the wee twins stabbed their fingers with cruel thrusts trying to make something for Maggie. Piles of snowy linen and muslin, dainty dresses, pretty ribbons, and soft laces, filled the drawers set apart for the bride's wardrobe, until at last all was ready but *the* dress, the white wedding-garment, and that was to come from New York. Father had business that called him there, and it was agreed in solemn family conclave that I was to go with him, and aid in the selection of the all-important garment.

We had a merry journey to the great metropolis, and spent three happy days there, father giving me every hour he could spare from business to escort me to concerts, picture galleries and lionizing generally. Those three days live vividly in my memory, every detail drawn with an indelible pencil. Of course, the dress was our first care, and the soft white lace over silk that was our final selection was lovely enough even for our Maggie.

On the afternoon of the third day we started for home. More than half our journey was over, when pillowing my head on my father's shoulder I sank off into a sort of half sleep, a dreamy reverie, undisturbed by the monotonous rumble and rattle of the cars. Suddenly there was a shock, a blinding rush and deafening roar; something came crashing through the car. One moment of intense agony followed as this something seemed to crush me to a mangled mass; then comes a long blank.

My next recollection is awakening from a deep sleep, with a confused consciousness of past pain, and acute realization of agonizing torture, that gave itself expression in cries and groans. Tender hands touched me, a loving voice soothed me, and again a dim memory of the same touch and words came to me, but my mind was rousing from its stupor, and struggled for more light. I could see the pitying face, and as the pain yielded to the remedies, I threw off the numbing stupor that came creeping over me again, to whisper "Maggie!"

"You know me! you know me again!" she said, while her tears rained down upon my face.

"Yes. What is it all, Maggie? My head feels strange, and there is a dull memory of something dreadful—and—you are in mourning, Maggie?"

She bent over me, stroking my hair, kissing me fondly, but answering nothing. My senses, however, were rousing to keen life again, and I began to recall the journey and its abrupt termination.

"Maggie," I persisted, "tell me all. We were away—something happened."

"There was a collision on the railway. We were telegraphed, and Horace and Walter went instantly to bring you home."

"But father!" I cried, half divining the truth.

"Can you bear it?" she said.

"Yes—tell me all—now—quickly!"

"Father was killed instantly!"

I tried to rise to give some vent to the choking agony of the tears struggling in my throat, but iron weights seemed to press on every limb, and there was no power left me to stir.

Maggie saw the effort, and taking my head in her embrace, said softly:

"Do not try to move, darling, you are too weak! You have been badly hurt, but a kind Providence has spared your life."

"Mother!" I gasped, "I want mother!"

"She is too ill now to come to you, but better than she has been, out of danger, though very weak. She is in the next room, you know, so after you are both better you can be near each other."

"And you, Maggie, have you nursed us both, bearing your own sorrow too?"

"Hush! What is my sorrow to mother's widowhood, to your suffering? Oh, my darling," she said, again kissing me, "would I could bear your cross for you."

Then, with no word of murmur for her own sorrow or her heavy care, she began to tell me of mother's illness, of the grief of Horace and the little ones, and gradually let these painful themes lead her to speak of the kindness of our friends and neighbors, of many offers of assistance, of thoughtful offerings; how one had taken Hattie and Ethel for a week's visit; how another had sent daily little delicacies to mother; how the railway company had paid the funeral expenses, and sent mother five hundred dollars. She told me of the comfort it had been that the beloved face of the dead bore no disfigurement, but was placid as in sleep, and when she left me to attend to mother's wants, Horace came to her place beside me.

As he bent his tall figure to kiss me, I noted how the sorrow had changed him. From a boy he had become a man, full of earnest aspirations and resolutions, our protector, and the head of the family. He seemed to have lived ten years in the three weeks that I had been lying in helpless stupor or delirious agony. He it was who told me of Maggie's heroism in the crushing ordeal through which they had all passed. Her noble self-devotion was a theme of which he could not weary, and his eyes softened to an infinite tenderness; his voice was modulated to the lowest sweetness as he spoke of her unselfish comforting and ministrations. She it was who told the news to mother, with nothing but the pallid face and white lips to show her own pain. She it was who took my poor crippled body for her own charge, suffering no hands but the surgeon's or her own to touch me or minister to me. Day and night, scarcely taking an hour for necessary sleep, she had kept watch, first at my bed, then at mother's, neglecting nothing that could keep life in the frames of her patients. Every bandage and splint, every poultice plaster and medicine, every mouthful of food and drink, every lotion and remedy passed through her hands before we received them.

And with all this she had stolen from us to Horace, to the little ones, even to the servants to speak words of comfort and encouragement. She had kept the house orderly and comfortable, and crushing down her heart's agony with an iron will, she had kept her brain clear and free for every detail and direction.

As the days glided away, and we began to look our future fairly in the face, the prospect before us was a dark one. My father had left nothing. We were free from debt, and the gift to mother had given us all mourning garments, but there was no future prospect of means to sustain life. Horace was young and inexperienced, and must begin low on the ladder of commercial life, hoping to win his way at last to wealth, but in the meantime must accept the small salary of one learning business. He secured a situation in a commission house, with an old friend of our father's for his employer. Maggie insisted on taking her share in the bread winning. She had received a first-rate musical education, and our old friends were only too glad to secure her tuition for their children, so she told Horace he might put his pride in his pocket, for she could and would help him to support us. We took a small house in the city, and mother dismissed the servants, and as her share of the burden, assumed the housework. Horace and Maggie combatted this in vain. She would do something, and the income was far too small for a servant. So feeble and pale she lifted her cross. One more item.

Gradually, lovingly and tenderly the bitter cup was lifted to my lips, and I learned that I must consent to be a helpless burden upon the hands already so heavily laden. The wounds to my hands, arms, head and face were all healing fast, but there was an incurable injury to the spine that paralyzed my lower limbs utterly and hopelessly. I could not move from my waist down, while an oppressing weight seemed chained to my lower limbs. How I rebelled against my fate, how wildly I prayed to die, how bitterly I complained and wept needs not to be recorded here. But the voice that soothed me, the lips that taught me submission, the finger that pointed out the crown in the shadow of the cross, the prayers that led me to bow at last meekly beneath the rod, the love that taught me that my death would be no relief but another heavy sorrow, the sympathy that wept with me and shared my grief, ah! on these let me dwell for a moment. For it was Maggie who was the angel of my sick soul, as she had been the nurse of my suffering body. Maggie who lifted the veil from my hope and faith, and led me again to the light that never fades away.

It was a hand to hand struggle with poverty that now tasked these young noble hearts and hands. Horace had but barely sufficient to pay the rent and clothe himself, and Maggie met the current expenses. Mother saved. Can you realize what her ordeal was, the petted centre of love all her life, who had never known an hour of toil or a moment of care that could be kept from her?

Our daily life was monotonous. Maggie rose early and did all the up stairs work, including dressing me, while mother prepared breakfast. Then Horace lifted me from the bed to a wheeled chair which mother had bought for me, and which I could guide with my hands. Maggie brought me my breakfast, and then she and Horace were off for the day's labor. Mother was busy with house work nearly all day, sometimes bringing her sewing to my side for an hour or two. The twins were in my room all day, and as I served I taught them their letters, to read, write, and cipher.

It was one day, early in November, when my memory brings back a clear, vivid picture. I was sitting in my chair alone. The children were playing in the little garden, Maggie was in the parlor with Walter, Horace out, and mother down in the kitchen. I had been struggling against my fate; trying to move my limbs. All my acute pain had long been over, my wounds entirely healed, my hands well, though very, very weak and easily tired, but worse than any past agony was the powerlessness now left me. My desire to move the lower part of my body was almost maddening in its intensity, and sometimes for hours I would tremble as if with ague, from my frantic efforts to stir even one foot, while hysterical bursts of weeping would often follow the vain effort of one muscle to stir another. I was a sort of living corpse, full of mental vitality, of youthful aspirations, and with an active, craving brain, exhausting itself in vain longings for power to prove its vigor.

On this particular day I had been weeping bitterly, when a soft hand fell upon my hair with a familiar caressing motion, and Maggie's voice murmured,

"Poor little sister!"

I looked up, and involuntarily my lips echoed the sentence.

Never had I seen Maggie's face as it was then. She was ashy pale, even the lips colorless, and her eyes had in their dark depths an expression of misery that was unutterable. The little hand resting on my head was heavy and cold, and her whole frame was held erect by an effort of will painfully evident.

Suddenly while I looked at her, she pressed both hands to her left side with a convulsive pressure, and threw back her figure till the spine seemed arched beyond endurance. She was rigid as iron, her face ghastly, her eyes staring wildly, and every nerve drawn in agony, and I could not stir to aid her. I should have called out, but in less time than it has taken me to tell it, the convulsion was over, and she sank down on her knees beside me, pillowing her weary head upon my bosom pallid with exhaustion, the cold sweat standing in beads on her face.

"It is nothing, pet!" she gasped, "a spasm of pain in the heart, over instantly. I am sorry I came to you, but I did not know it was coming."

"Oh, Maggie," I cried, "did you ever suffer so before?"

"Only once. I opened the telegram containing the news of father and you, and then this same pain came to me."

"And to-day—oh, sister, is there any new sorrow?"

"No, darling, no, not for you. Don't tremble so," and the loving hand ever ready to minister to others, gently stroked my hair. Yet I could see the shadow of a great pain on the face lifted to mine, and I said,

"Tell me, Maggie, what caused the pain to-day? Open your heart—oh, let me comfort you, as you have comforted me."

"I have sent Walter away."

Could a man sentenced to death speak his own doom quietly. Our Maggie, with all her self-control, could not speak of her heart's death-blow without a shiver running through her whole frame.

"Sent Walter away!" I cried aghast. "Your chosen husband. Oh, Maggie, how could you?"

"How could I do otherwise?" she said, speaking in low tones full of meaning. "His life must not pass waiting for a wife who may never come to him."

"But, Maggie, you can in time—"

"Never!" she said, firmly. "I can never leave mother and you—oh, can you think I would be happy living in luxury while you were all struggling here? The children are too young to help, only another care for mother. Do not speak much of it, only," and the brave voice sank to a pleading tremor; "pray for me that God will give me strength to bear my cross."

After that she lay long in my arms, very still, sometimes shivering a little, or drawing my hand into a closer clasp in her own little cold palms, the pallid face very still, the large eyes hidden by the white lids, yet not sleeping, so for hours she passed through the ordeal she had chosen, while as silently, though sometimes my tears fell on the white face, I offered the prayer she had dictated to me. Horace's voice ringing out its clear call for "Mag" broke our spirit communion, and she rose from her position, wearily and slowly as if already crushed by the new burden. Mechanically she adjusted her dress, smoothed her hair, and prepared to go down stairs; ready at last, she stood a moment by my chair, then kneeling down, she said aloud, like a child, the Lord's prayer, rose and kissed me with her own gentle smile, and went to Horace.

Severing thus the ties of the old hopes, Maggie gave herself up to the duties of her new life. There was no assumption of martyrdom, no sighs and sad repinings to keep her sacrifice always before us. Cheerful and sanguine, full of life and energy, she was the brightness of the house. From mother to the twins we learned to depend upon her smile, her ready jest, her clear laugh. She was of a sunny disposition. With a warm, loving heart, a ready sympathy and sensitive to either joy or grief, she had a resolute hand to turn always the brightest pages of the book of life uppermost. No cloud could lower so darkly as to hide its silver lining from Maggie. For the heavy crushing sorrows she brought a pure, trusting faith and never-dying hope in the tenderness of her Heavenly Father; for anxiety and harassing care, she had a sanguine look forward to better days; for domestic bothers and children's trials she had a gay jest; a repartee and a merry laugh. So we were no moping circle. Through the day we divided. Mother was all over the house, busy in a thousand ways; Horace at the store, Maggie away teaching her music scholars, while my room was the school-room and play-room for the little ones. In the evening, Horace carried me to the sitting-room, while Maggie put the children to bed; then we all assembled for quiet home intercourse. Sometimes a visitor broke the sameness, but if not, we played chess, backgammon or draughts, or Maggie's fingers drew music from our father's last gift to her, her piano. I was sometimes moved up for a duet, but my hands were too feeble for much exertion, and oftener it was Maggie's fingers and voice, or Horace joined in to their favorite old tunes.

It was not always easy to keep the wolf from our door. Horace had, as I have said, a very small salary, barely enough to pay the rent and gas bill, and keep him in suitable clothing; and Maggie had hard work to supply the table and necessary daily expenses. Our wardrobes had been well supplied with mourning garments out of the purse presented to mother, so that was not a present trouble, but the future did not look very bright.

I have said that my share of the family labor was the instruction of the little children—and this led to an opening I had never before dreamed about. I was one day sitting with the little ones round me, telling them a fairy story. As usual, when so employed, I had given my fancy full play, letting it run into all sorts of vagaries, and only checking it now and then to point out a moral, or throw in a maxim. Suddenly my audience deserted me to cluster round our dear family physician, Dr. Melville, who had come in behind my chair.

"I have been behind the door half an hour, trying to see how you would ever get the twist out of that story," he said, taking my hand, and mechanically feeling my pulse. "Bless my heart, child," he added, "you are a wonderful story teller. Why, I venture to say that story written out would sell for—well almost anything!"

Here was an idea! Why, I had heaps and piles of just such stories stored away in my brains, besides a number suited for older heads and hearts. Would anybody buy them? If I could coin my brains and so, spite of my helpless frame, aid in the struggle for bread!

All night I tried to arrange my thoughts for one story, but the fancies crowded so thick and fast that I had not one story, but incidents and characters for a dozen dancing through my head till morning.

Of course I had to tell Maggie, but we agreed to keep my scheme a secret from the rest until we had made one venture. Paper, pen and ink were provided by my sister—and in due course of time I had sobered down sufficiently to write out one sketch, with a title and signature. Sealed and directed the precious package, went to the post-office, and for one whole month I awaited the issue.

The letter came at last; and as I opened it, a crisp, new five dollar bill fell from its fold. Was it weak and silly to bow my head and weep? Perhaps so! but let any sufferer who has resigned herself to a life of hopeless dependance and crippled uselessness, suddenly seeing opened before her an avenue to honorable and congenial labor, bear it quietly and calmly, and I will humbly own her philosophy greater than mine.

Maggie bent over me pityingly, thinking my venture a failure; and it was as pleasant a thing as could be imagined, to hear her merry laugh over my treasure, her gleeful delight over my success. Better than the money was the letter. It was no flattering praise, but a frank criticism, pointing out my errors, giving me a hint or two, and a few words of warm encouragement. So the wolf found a new bar on the door, for I wrote often, and, on the whole, successfully. Some papers and magazines rejected my first sketches, but little by little the signature I had chosen became known in the literary circles, and I found soon a ready sale for the fruit of my pen. I was most successful with juvenile stories; and two volumes of these bound together and sent abroad to the world, filled my purse for many a long day.

Thus we began to rise above the pecuniary pressure; and my panorama pictures pleasant home scenes, little surprises of presents; a strong-armed Irish girl to do the work; Horace telling every six months of an increase of salary; Maggie bringing home news of fresh scholars, and many quiet jokes about the great authoress who was some day to set up the family carriage.

But now a deep shadow crept gradually over this pleasant home. I have said but little of our mother's sacrifices, yet the pressure bore heaviest upon her—the least fitted of all to bear it. She had been devotedly attached to our father, and his loss was almost her death-blow at first, and added to this was the terrible physical exertion of the housework. It had been Maggie's and Horace's great desire from the first to shield mother, as father had done, from all toil or care, but she would not permit it. Resolutely she insisted upon taking her share of the altered fortunes; and she held out bravely until we were able to pay a servant, then came a reaction, and we could see her growing daily weaker and paler. It was the one corroding care of Maggie's life, the cloud in which even she could see no silver. Many long, anxious consultations were held—but there seemed no remedy to offer save the care and daily love poured out upon her. There was never any complaint. Maggie herself did not bring a brighter face to meet mishap or vexation. Her laugh was always ready, her sweet voice even pleasant in its modulations, but sometimes a half sigh would escape unconsciously, and her hand often pressed her heart as if to ease its burden of pain.

For three years she had worn her widow's weeds—when one morning she fainted while fastening the black dress. Horace came at the sound of the fall, and lifted her to her own bed. Then Maggie's courage failed. For the first time in three years she gave her sorrow its full vent, and shed the bitterest tears that had ever fallen from her patient heart.

"Mother! mother, darling," she wailed. "Oh, this bitter curse of poverty! It has killed her! Over worked! over tasked! Oh, mother, why could not I have spared you!"

Still even in her woe she was actively trying the remedies her experience prompted, till Dr. Melville came. There were dark days to follow—days that nearly deprived us of our household angel. All day the invalid was my charge. My wheeled chair, which replaced my feet, made it easy for me to move round the room; and Hattie and Ethel, now eight years old, were my little waiters, for errands. Maggie was away teaching until dusk—but no persuasions could induce her to leave our mother at night. What sleep she had, she caught lying on mother's bed, or in the arm-chair beside her; and if worshipping love could have kept a spirit from its eternal home, our mother had not died.

I was half asleep in my chair, yet listening too, one night when the midnight hours were merging into those of a coming day. A startled cry roused me, and I saw Maggie bending over the bed calling, yet evidently choking with terror. I pushed my chair to the bedside, and rang an alarm on the bell there that brought Horace and the servant. One flew for Dr. Melville, one for hot water and stimulants. Too late! The heart disease, of which Maggie inherited—something had caused an abrupt termination to what we had all thought was to be a lingering illness.

What Maggie suffered no words of mine can tell; but her grief brought on an illness that almost terminated as mother's had done. For weeks we despaired of her life, and when she began to recover, I found that our good doctor considered her whole constitution terribly shaken.

Horace, who was then drawing a much larger salary, having made himself valuable to his employers, took her away for a journey to Niagara, but a meeting there with Walter destroyed the good effects he hoped for. A few days' intercourse brought Maggie's old lover a suitor again to her favor, and again she tore her heart to send him from her. Her duty to me, to Horace, to the three little ones, she pleaded was only doubled, not lessened, now that her mother's care was taken from us. So it was only a pale shadow of our bright Maggie that Horace brought home.

She had been back nearly a fortnight, when one day she poured out all her sorrow to me. It did her good to lash herself for selfishness, so I let her talk on, as she gave vent to her self reproaches.

"I forget you! I forget how all the rest of you suffer," she said, while the hot tears rained down her cheeks, "and you are all so gentle to me. Horace comes home to sad faces, and I have no word of cheer for him. An unfaithful steward! God forgive me! I will try," and she gave me a sickly smile. "I will try to bring the sunshine back. I thought," she added, drawing closer to me, "that I had bidden farewell to all my love dreams; but see, even in the midst of my sorrow for mother, I find the old love tearing at my heartstrings. Oh, despise me for my weakness, if you will, when I confess that when Walter renewed his offer to me my whole soul was longing to throw itself at his feet, to feel myself encircled by his love, comforted by his voice and caress."

"Could you not now?" I ventured.

"No, no. Oh, darling, no. 'Tis but a passing pang, and I will soon be myself again. Desert you, leave you in your crippled helplessness with the care of those children. Leave Horace! I should never feel one moment free from remorse, yet—yet—only for a moment let me whisper it—I love him with my whole heart. I thought he would forget me, but see how for three years he has been mine, though I knew it not. Walter, my Walter!"

I used every argument a loving heart could suggest to shake her resolution. I talked of a governess, of my pen, of the children's increased age, and the efficiency of our servant.

All in vain; but my arguments roused Maggie to her old self again.

"I boast of your dependence upon me, and prove it by worrying you all to death," she said, bitterly. "It is over now; to-morrow I will see my scholars."

She kept her word, and again we found the ready smile, the cheerful word upon her lips. Indeed, so sudden, so thorough was the change, that a careless observer, knowing nothing of the self-renunciation that lay beneath the smiling face, might have thought her insensible or careless. We knew better. Under all we knew there lay an aching heart full of unutterable longing for the dead, stifling a love strong and true for the living faithful heart that gave her love for love.

But as of old, she made her sacrifice more beautiful by denying it in every word or look. No stranger hearing her pleasant voice, seeing her bright face, would have dreamed of her as a martyr, and the reward came in her cheerfulness gradually becoming more than an assumption, her old sanguine visions coming back, her pride in Horace, care for me and hope for the little ones crowding back and out of sight bitter memories and sorrows.

The children were a precious boon to both of us. We educated them, I taking the practical, and Maggie the ornamental. I taught them the English branches and German, while Maggie trained their fingers over the piano keys, and gave them instruction in French. Horace promised geometry and Latin at some future date, and in the meantime made them his playthings.

Horace and Maggie were a mutual comfort that it is impossible for me to describe. I think I never saw such perfect love as they felt each for the other. They loved me, they loved the children, yet we were secondary in each heart. Sometimes it was almost quaint to hear the household discussions, the grave talks about the children from these young lips, to see how gracefully they bore the burden so rarely placed upon young unmarried hearts and hands. Our children, our house, were to them as common expressions as if they were a staid married couple of seventy.

The years glided away and the children were children no longer, but young ladies fitted to take their place in society, and Maggie emerged from her obscurity, and hunted up old friends. We were able now to open our purse strings, for Horace was a man of means, my income was more than sufficient for my wants, and Maggie had long ago given up her pupils to take the place of housekeeper in Horace's home, a house as well appointed as our father's had been.

So when Hattie and Ethel reached the age of eighteen we opened our house to old and new friends, and our little girls were launched into society. Harriet was very handsome, a brilliant pianist, a good German and French scholar, and a gay, dashing belle. Our little Ethel was more quiet. She was a brunette, too, but graver and shyer than Harriet. Yet both our flowers were carried away to other homes, and in so little time that Maggie and I were bewildered by the vivacity and brevity of the courtship. We were old fashioned, behind the time, and I think it was rather a relief to both of us when the double wedding over, we settled down to the old life again. I had had my share of the world's flatteries, too, as I sat in my quiet corner, and was pointed out sometimes as the authoress, but I willingly laid down my honors for our quiet home evenings.

Alas! we had opened the doors for young wooers to come in, but we did not think of what might pass out. Our staid Horace was a confirmed old bachelor, so we were convinced. Yet Cupid came to the long closed portals of our brother's heart, and shot a bolt from a pair of blue eyes straight through all its bolts and bars.

Maggie tried very hard not to be jealous at the long evenings now spent away from us. Her love was too perfect not to set his happiness above all, yet it was hard to see the heart so long entirely her own bending in allegiance before another shrine.

With all the blushes of boyhood he told us of his success, and we cordially opened our hearts to the new sister, yet when he left us to carry our words of welcome to his promised bride, Maggie and I sat looking with blank despair into each other's faces.

We were past the first youthful years, old maids in fact and feeling.

"We must seek a new home," she said at last.

"Yes," I said, trying to laugh, "it will never suit Addie to have two old maid sisters in her bridal home!"

So Maggie found out a private boarding-house where they would take us, and letting Horace know nothing of her plan, she again let her friends know she would teach. They were only too glad at the prospect, and we arranged our future plans secretly but effectively.

Yet in the meantime not a cloud darkened Horace's future. Busy and cheerful Maggie made his home ready for the bride. New curtains were hung, and new furniture bought, while her ready hand, exquisite taste, and clear judgment directed all. It was not until one week before the wedding that Horace knew of our intentions, then he combatted them fiercely.

It cost Maggie a severe struggle to keep her resolution. Every loving argument was brought forward, but in vain.

"It is not best, Horace," she said gently, but firmly; "I have been mistress here so long, that without so intending I should be sure to make Addie feel her place a second one, and she is and should be supreme ruler. Then, too, it is not well for young wives to have a houseful of their husband's relations to meet them in their bridal home. No, no, we old birds will leave the nest free, Horace. You will not forget us, and our new home is not far away, so there will be always a place for you to bring Addie for a loving welcome, but we will go."

"Will you ever cease to sacrifice yourself for others, Mag?" said Horace, tenderly.

"Not while I love them as I do you," she whispered.

One more memory and the curtain drops over my panorama.

We had had a little tea party in our own room, Maggie and I, Horace and Addie, Hattie, Ethel, and their husbands. Maggie had been out nearly all day, and when she came in there was a brilliant red spot on each cheek and a bright glitter in her eyes, very unusual. She seemed almost mad with spirits. She would play nothing but rattling pieces, sing nothing but bravura songs. Her laugh was incessant, and her jests sparkled like diamonds of wit. She was always animated and cheerful at our little gatherings, but never had I seen her as she was on that evening. It was past eleven when we broke up. Addie walked home with Ethel, while Horace lingered for a few moments. Several times during the evening I had seen his eyes fixed on Maggie with a perplexed look, and now when we three only were left, he tried to quiet her to grave conversation. But she would neither sit down nor talk quietly. She paced up and down the room, now singing gay snatches of song, now making some joke, and sending out ringing peals of laughter, now taking a few dancing steps, and sometimes stopping to pull Horace's hair, twist his moustache, or make some jest on his solemn face.

"What ails you, Mag?" he cried, laughing in spite of himself as she made a grimace at him, "I verily believe you are insane. Have you taken laughing gas?"

"Is that the polite for intoxicating beverages?" she inquired. "I am not insane, sir, but sleepy. Please go home and let me go to bed."

"You won't sleep a wink to-night," he persisted. "I believe your pulse is up to five hundred. What ails you?"

"Bah! don't be fanciful! I feel jolly, that's all."

Mag talking slang! Horace and I fairly stared.

"Well, good-night," he said at last. "I shall come over in the morning to see if you have found your senses."

After he was gone, she began to prepare for bedtime, first performing her nightly duty of undressing me and helping me from my chair to the bed. I lay very quiet watching her as she unbraided her hair and got ready to take her place beside me.

She was standing in her long, white night-dress, her hair falling loosely around her, when suddenly I saw her hands fly to the spot over her heart, where once before I had seen them clenched, and again the fixed eye, compressed lip, and rigid frame showed me that the spasm of pain, only produced by great mental agony, was overpowering her. I could not go to her, but my voice shrill with terror reached her ear. The pain passed as before, almost instantly, and with faltering step, trembling frame, and eyes that seemed blinded, she tottered to the bedside, knelt by me, and let me place her head upon my breast, and wipe away the great drops of perspiration from her forehead.

"Maggie," I whispered, "dear sister, what is it?"

"I met Walter to-day in the street—with a lady—very beautiful—his wife!"

"You spoke to him?"

"He introduced me to his wife!"

That was all she said, and his name has never since passed her lips nor mine.

Our daily life is a very quiet one. Maggie is my good angel. Without her love I could scarcely endure my burden of helplessness, my hours oftentimes of agonizing pain, for lately the pain has returned, and I know surely that before long I shall go to join the loved ones who have gone before. Yet I can still use my pen enough for our daily wants; scholars flock to Maggie, who will not leave me now, but gives her lessons in the little parlor opening from our bed room. We have many gifts of love from Horace and the twins, who come often to cheer us.

Utterly unselfish still, giving me a mother's care, a sister's love and companionship, the sunbeam of three other home circles, beloved and respected our Maggie is gaining middle age, an old maid, as she says. What she is and has been to us my story has told, what her inner life is God alone knows. She gives us only happy smiles, loving words, tender devotion, seeming to float placidly down life's current, reaping in a clear conscience, a store of well earned love, and a life of honorable independence and unselfish devotion, the reward for her self-sacrifice.

IL BACHIO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY JUAN.

Nay, chide me not, if 'twas a crime,
I'm sure it is forgiven;
For it was sweet at mid-night's chime
To steal the kiss forbidden.

And though that kiss be ne'er re-sought,
My lips it still shall treasure,
And deem at any price cheap bought,
Its fleeting stolen pleasure.

LETHE.

Destroy each stolen token,
Let every tie be broken,
Forget the vows we've breathed,
Forget the sighs we've heaved.
'Twas all an airy madness,
A sort of summer gladness,
Too soft for coy resistance,
Too sweet for long existence.

Questions for the Million.

Which is the most sentimental river?—Ohio (oh-heigh-oh).

What is the difference between a man and a shrimp?—The one eats fish, and the other fishes eat.

When may the sea be compared to a laundress washing summer trowsers at a tub?—When it makes clean breaches over a vessel.

Why are cellers illiterate?—Because they read only stable *litter*-ature.

How can young ladies soonest secure farms?—Take a "Country Gentleman!"

Why are people with corns like certain vegetables?—Because they are *toe martyrs*.

What is cabbage?—A plant popular among tailors with large families.

What are wild oats?—A kind of grain, usually sown by farm boys—good food for fast horses.

☞ A Portuguese shoemaker used to give his wife a severe flogging every month, just before he went to confession. On being asked the reason of this proceeding, he replied that, having a poor memory, he took this method of refreshing it, as his wife, while under the castigation, was sure to remind him of all his sins.

☞ The Emperor of the French has accorded to Madam Jasmin, the widow of the well-known Provencal poet, a tobacco shop at Agen. She may be said to be doing well with an Emperor to back her.

Why is the emancipation proclamation a demoralizing edict?—Because it brings so many *black-legs* into the Union lines.

Why is England like Japan?—Because it worships yellow sovereigns.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Pale as the white rose withering she lay—
Lovely, though dying—and her eye divine
Gleamed o'er the deepening shadows of decay,
Like a stray sunbeam on a ruined shrine.
She seemed too beautiful for death's embrace,
And holiness engirt her as a zone;
Language had fled, but music's pictured grace
Hung on those lips that late had breathed its tone.

Oh thou! the perjured, cruel, faithless, blind!
How couldst thou bow such sweetness to the dust,
How break the heart, where thy loved image, shrined,
Dwelt in the beauty of undoubting trust?
But thou didst break it. Nature could not cope
With love neglected, whose undying power,
E'en from the very sepulchre of Hope,
Gushed forth like perfume from a trampled flower.

Tears for thy absence, sighs at thy neglect,
Prayers for thy safety, smiles at thy return,
And a fond blindness to thy worst defect—
Thou didst repay with undissembled scorn.
Yet there she lay, and on her dying bed
She blessed thy name—then kissed the lock of hair
That from thy brow in happier days she shred—
Then looked to Heaven, and prayed to meet thee there!

And with a holy look of hope and peace,
She bowed her head—the parting pang was o'er—
Yet no convulsion marked the soul's release,
The pallid lip a smile of rapture wore;
Her fleeting soul one radiant beam had caught,
Warm from the fountain of Eternal Day,
And left the image of the breathing thought
Impressed in beauty on the breathless clay.

I saw her buried with patrician state—
The sable plumes waved proudly o'er her bier,
With all the pomp that riches arrogate,
To deck the dust to which they yield no tear;
And as I gaze upon the formal scene,
Where all was cold collectedness and art,
I thought one tear of secret grief had been
A fitter tribute to a broken heart.

CLIFF CASTLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

The holiest and most sacred memories of childhood were denied to me. No misty recollections of tender words and loving ways haunted my waking hours. No sweet lullabys had floated through soft twilight gloom about my little pillow. No hands had lightly stroked the tossed locks of clustering hair from my baby forehead. No mother's voice, low and musical, recounted fabulous stories to lull me into forgetfulness. The fountains that stir only with such memories were sealed and silent. I grew up among the rocks and trees of my wild mountain home, as hardy and free as the clinging vines that trailed over the cliffs, and the birds that twittered their "good-nights" from beneath their leaves. Rough winds kissed a pair of chubby cheeks into bloom—healthful and hardy—through the day; and at night, after lisping a little prayer by my father's side, led by his voice, I would lie down on my cot between the fresh, snowy sheets which the only girl we kept, Margaret, would tuck around me, and in a few moments sink to the profound, sweet sleep of careless childhood. Margaret never sat down beside me, never left a light burning in my room. Unnecessary wants were not developed, and I missed nothing, because I knew nothing of the thousand little cares that surrounded other children from their birth.

People thought my father insane. I did not know it at that time, but the knowledge came to me in after years, bringing a sting of pain I should not have known had it been revealed to me then. Perhaps it was not strange they should have thought so. There was something very singular, no doubt, in the advent of such a man among them, ignorant and uncouth as they were generally. Proud, stately, reserved—they feared him. His esthetic nature could find nothing congenial in theirs, had he tried, and he had not learned even then the one first great lesson of life—to bend to others—to seek their happiness that he might find his own. He came among them in his youth, wearing a faced pallid with woe, and hair blanched white with suffering—knowing which, I do not wonder now, that he shunned all the world, and sought for peace in solitude.

Our home was a stately edifice, built of huge gray stones, and set among cliffs of which it seemed almost a part. It was a remnant of days that Virginia can never forget—when her first settlers pitched their tents closely together, that with their united strength, they might keep the red man at bay—his stealthy foot from their thresholds—his keen knife blade from the bosoms of their wives and little ones. A wealthy Englishman had built this house among the cliffs, and it still bore the title he gave it "Cliff Castle," when it came into my father's possession. In those days it must have cost great labor and expense, but had served to shield many a life from harm when danger came nearest, and the little cabins along the valley of the Kanawha gave up their frightened inmates, who flocked thither for safety, and were cordially received until the danger had passed.

And now, when all other traces of those days had been swept away by the advancing tide of civilization, Cliff Castle remained unchanged, save for the look of age that had gathered over the broad stones of its walls, where the wild ivy clung, and the cliff swallows built their nests with wonderful assumptions of right. Lofty trees, fastening their roots among the rocks, spread their huge branches sheilteringly over the roof, and flung festoons of vines upon all sides, from whose snowy blossoms sweet odors filled the air in the spring-time.

The only mode of access to the castle was by a narrow flight of steps, hewn in the stones, and winding down a steep descent to the valley below. Here a beaten road lay along the river, by which we received all our supplies from the nearest town, ten miles distant. These came twice a year, were carried from the wagon upon the men's shoulders to the store-room, and after this all was again silent about our home.

I was neither lonely or unhappy in those early years of my life. How could I be, with my simple wants all supplied? My father was kind, Margaret patient and thoughtful, with the rare quality of being content with her humble lot, and entirely free from the habit of complaint. Surrounded thus, with no one to waken discontent by stimulating desires for things beyond my reach, I did not know how to be unhappy.

Rock and tree and bird and flower were my daily companions. The volume of Nature lay spread out before me, rich with rare beauties and unlimited as the imagination. My first lessons of life were from its pages. My first thoughts budded and bloomed as its flowers. I sang with her streams—laughed in her sunshine—slept in her bosom. Verily and truly was I a child of Nature; and oh, my mother, how oft in womanhood's years have I longed to come back again to those days—so free, so pure, so unsullied by the poisonous breath of the world men call "society"—there to nestle down with my head among the ferns, my hands within reach of bubbling waters—the broad blue sky above me, and a heart at rest!

The interior of Cliff Castle presented a strange and striking contrast to the rough exterior. The spacious rooms were furnished with an elegance and beauty little exceeded by any I have found since within stately city mansions. The richly papered walls were hung with pictures from the best European painters' studios. The floors were covered with velvet carpets. Luxurious sofas and chairs were disposed about the rooms, and tables loaded with ornaments, prints, and such things as a lady might have chosen for her boudoir. It was years after I began first to take note of things around me, before I thought to ask how all these things had been brought to so wild a place, and learned how my father had shipped them to Charleston, then a small town, and from thence brought them up the river in little flat-boats. Ease and luxury were as necessary to him as food. And these beautiful objects were the links that still bound him to the civilized world, which he chose to preserve in his voluntary exile.

I have said "exile." An exile it certainly was, of the most rigid kind. Up to my twelfth year, I never knew his foot to pass a threshold save his own. He sought no society, and repelled all advances. From the few who forced themselves upon him in the early days of his residence among them, strange stories went abroad of fabulous luxury and splendor, and coupling this with his shy, yet stern manners, when pressed, and his avoidance of the world, they had formed a conclusion detrimental to the soundness of his reason, if not of his morals. I am not sure that many who learned to fear and hate him, did not charge him in their own minds with some terrible crime, for which he shunned mankind, just as we are all apt to do when people close the door of their hearts and lives upon us, and leave us to draw our own inferences, unaided by any clue that may lead us to kind and generous conclusions. Human nature was never blessed with an over-abundance of charity, from the beginning of the world to the present day, and never will be.

When I was ten years old, a change began to steal over me. I played less among the rocks and woods in the summer; went seldomer upon the water in my little skiff; skated less upon the shining ice when the ground was white with snow, and cliff and tree were bedecked with icy jewels. Day by day I withdrew more and more from the exterior world, and became absorbed with my books. A large library, well stored with all kinds of volumes, was at my command. I could pass unchecked to the shelves, where, concealed by a curtain of purple velvet, those volumes lay, and select any that pleased my fancy from the store. Sometimes it was geology, of which I became very fond—but oftener it was history, whose pages revealed to me manners and customs and places and people far removed from the age in which I lived.

With this more sedentary habit of life and its occupations, came a deeper thoughtfulness, an ambition for knowledge, and a sense of longing to unravel a mystery which I came to know existed in my father's past history.

One day I was reading a story from an old volume, called the "Veiled Portrait," which suddenly reminded me of one I had seen in my father's private study—a small room separated from the main library only by a damask curtain. It was covered with purple velvet from top to bottom, and I only knew it to be a picture by the outline of the frame. This recalled it, however, and roused my eager curiosity, already stimulated to romantic researches by what I daily devoured uncontrolled.

Dropping the book, I ran behind the curtain into my father's presence, as he sate in his great chair, a huge volume open upon a small table before him, over which he was poring too intently to perceive me until I laid my hand upon his arm. Then he looked up, smiled quietly, and passed his hand over my head.

"What brings my Astrea into forbidden ground to-day?" he asked. "Papa does not like to be disturbed when he comes in here to study."

"I know it, papa, but I want you to tell me something," I answered, eagerly. "I want you to let me see that picture up there over your desk, and tell me all about it."

The hand upon my head fell suddenly to my arm, grasping it with an unconsciously vice-like pressure. For a moment his breath came thick and fast, while I, gazing with surprise and alarm into his face, saw that it flushed and paled by turns, finally settling into a dead white. The hand soon relaxed and trembled again over my head. I could see that he was trying to steady his voice to indifference, when he answered—

"Who told you it was a picture, child? What put such an idea into your head?"

"Oh, I was reading a pretty story about a 'Veiled Portrait,' that made me think of it. At first I did not know what Veiled and Portrait meant—but I found it out by looking into the dictionary, and then I thought of this one. I know it is a portrait by its shape. Won't you show it to me, papa?"

He did not answer for a full minute, but seemed deliberating. I began to grow impatient, when I saw him sitting so quietly, and to think he had forgotten the request in some profound study, when he suddenly rose up as if bent upon a hard task, and drew me toward the picture.

His hand trembled while disengaging the lower folds of the velvet covering, and then drew it aside to reveal a face of almost immortal beauty. I gave a little scream of delight and clapped my hands with:

"Oh, papa, who is it? Who is this beautiful lady?" but receiving no reply, I looked up to catch a glimpse of his face, so full of anguish, it struck me into a solemn awe, and I stood before the lovely creation, pained and silenced, while he fastened up the velvet and walked away, leaving me to gaze at will.

A fair, girlish face, with large, dreamy violet colored eyes, and masses of waving brown hair that flowed loosely over ivory white shoulders. Her robe was shining white satin, relieved by misty folds of soft lace falling from bust and shoulders. A turban of gossamer was twisted around her head, having in the centre a large gem, star-shaped, while the long ends floated airily away with the glossy curls. A diamond necklace encircled the beautiful throat; diamond bracelets were upon the rounded arms; diamond rings upon the tiny taper fingers. Faint, delicate tints were upon the cheeks—rich, glowing red upon the sweet mouth, smiling with words just formed upon them, seemingly. With all this rich splendor and delicate softness, such an image might have been created to represent Aurora, with only a little less of the real about it.

Presently my father came back, and drew down the curtain. I turned away with a sigh, the spell broken but not dispelled. I could never forget that trance of ecstasy—the sweetness of that draught of beauty.

Leading me toward the library, he would have put me out without saying anything, had I not clung to him pleadingly.

"Papa, you have not told me anything about it yet."

"Oh, child!" as if my words hurt him. Then more tenderly. "You are a little pest. Astrea, that is your mother's portrait. Some day I may tell you all you want to know about her; but not to-night. You must wait till you can understand all I have to say. Now go, my daughter. It grows dark, and papa has not finished something he wishes to read. Play now, or do what you like, but do not disturb me again."

I went away reluctantly, yet compelled by his tone to obey, carrying with me visions of that sweet face that could never leave me any more, though even then the dear name of mother had no more meaning to my ears than any other simple name, unconnected with me or my interests. No memories hallowed it. Neither my father or Margaret had ever spoken in my presence of her to whom I owed my existence. Knowing nothing about her, how could I attach any importance to such a relation until interest and feeling were wakened by knowledge? But the desire had come, and I did not rest again in peace until I had acquired a measure, at least, of that coveted knowledge.

CHAPTER II.

I have said that Cliff Castle was richly furnished, but nothing of its peculiarity—its strange and scrupulous arrangement with regard to colors. It struck me as being very odd, as I had formed the habit of comparing everything to Nature, and to my untaught mind there was nothing in Nature like this exclusive devotion to certain shades. I found the various colors blended and commingled in endless variety. Why then was the library violet in all its appointments—the parlor red, dining-room green? There must be some reason for it, I thought; but once when I put the question to my father, he looked down at my eager, upturned face with a grave smile and answered:

"When my little daughter grows old enough to understand, I will explain the reason why I have selected those colors for the different rooms. Then it will interest you; now it cannot, for you would not comprehend me."

"There are no colors in my room," I persisted. "You have made it all white. Why was that?"

"Perhaps it is because I wished that it might prove symbolical of my pet's character," he said with a sigh, turning his face away with an upward glance to the spot where the veiled picture hung upon the wall. "It is the emblem of Truth—the blessed principle upon which man hangs all his hopes of Heaven and the rest God has promised the weary—which descends to His creatures to become the noblest element of their nature, when it is accepted and preserved sacred—kept spotless. It is also the symbol of Purity, and I want my child to grow up pure and untainted by the world. I have brought her to an atmosphere of purity—given her for companions God's beautiful creations—the sweet-scented flowers—the singing waters—the musical winds as they sweep through the valleys and over the mountains. I, of all that has been given you, am the least worthy of your association, my child. Yet, pray Heaven you may not too soon learn to think so!"

Nothing more was said upon the subject then, but I never forgot it. Waiting for the knowledge in store for my riper years, enhanced its value, so when the time came, and my father mindful of his promise, led me into the library, my little heart throbbed wildly with joy.

I have said that the library was violet. A rich violet paper, with a soft velvet lustre, covered the walls. Heavy velvet curtains of the same color, lined with white silk, fell over the windows; and a yielding, springing mass of great violet tufts, like moss, upon a white ground, covered the floor.

Upon one side of the room books were ranged from ceiling to floor, draped with violet hangings. The other gave entrance to communicating rooms through an arch hung with violet velvet tapestry. On the walls were a few pictures of "Martyred Saints" and the "Passion of the Saviour," painted for him by the inspired masters of that land far over the world of waters, from which my father had come to this wild spot in Virginia's mountains.

"Before I left England," he said, slowly looking around us, "I conceived a violent fancy for painting. The love of Art led me to Italy, where my passion for the contrasting and combination of colors was gratified in the highest degree. I learned to read their glowing languages, portraying all the strongest sentiments of the human heart with a power akin to Divinity. During the passion of the Saviour, as you see Him there represented, He wore a violet robe, denoting the complete unity of the Father and His Son. As a type of humanity, He wore red and blue. After His death and resurrection, He is represented as clothed in red and white, the symbols of God Himself. In my researches, I found that the Deity was thus represented, with some exceptions. In the windows of St. John's Church at Troyes, may still be seen pictures of God in violet. The Virgin Mary is clothed with this color—the mother of the Saviour, perhaps to represent the coming martyrdom of her Son; and it has been said by Portal, that many of the manuscripts of the Evangelists were written in letters of gold upon a violet colored parchment. Portal says also, that 'violet was attributed to martyrs because they took up the cross in imitation of their divine Master.' In China it is worn as mourning. The Cardinals and Kings of France used to wear mourning of this color. Let us go now to the Red Room."

He broke off abruptly, with a tone and look which woke in my mind the query, "Was it as a symbol of *mourning* my father chose violet for his favorite room?" The thought took root that hour and haunted me pertinaciously. I never could shake it off until the day of revelation came, which cleared my mind from all doubt.

"I chose red for this room, because in its sacred language it means Love. Sacrifices were the expression of man's love for his Creator, and were offered upon the fire of his altars. Love had infancy and the color red for its symbols. In ancient mythology, the God of Love is represented as an infant, as you see him in this picture, painted by Guido originally, and of which I obtained this copy in Rome. Here, again, is the expression of divine love to man in the illustrations of sacred history. Jehovah appeared to Moses in a burning bush, and a column of fire conducted the Israelites in the desert. The Eternal, surrounded with fire and accompanied with thunder and lightning, descended upon Mount Sinai, which burned as a furnace."

The Egyptians consecrated the color red to good genii. The Greeks called Jupiter *Zeus*, signifying life, heat, fire, and robed him with red, with a crown of flames upon his head, and an eagle with spread wings resting upon his feet. Bacchus, the god of vintage, has red—his primitive symbol. He is claimed as the civilizer and regenerator of man, giving him strong moral power, and vigor to the material frame. Plutarch says red was consecrated to all the divinities. On fete days their statues were painted red, as were the worshippers' cheeks. It would appear from the authority we have that Love is the foundation of all the systems of religion, even in the lowest forms.

"When my soul is vexed with the remembrances of the past, and I feel the need of a sustaining, cheering influence—when I want to realize the power of Divine Love, it suits my fancy to come here. Exterior things have more effect upon the mind, however unimportant and simple in seeming than it appears to the unthinking. Remember this, and mould your looks, actions and apparel accordingly, should you ever be thrown into the great whirlpool called by men the 'World.'"

We passed now into the Blue Room, hung like the two former ones, except in the color. But here there were no pictures save one—a full length portrait seemingly. It was not until after that scene in the library when he had shown me my mother's picture, years later, I knew it to be only a more complete and magnificent portrait of the same beautiful being.

Now a feeling of awe crept over me as I hurriedly glanced upon the objects around me, and I shivered involuntarily.

Two large mirrors faced each other from opposite walls, covered with a thin, blue gauze. In each corner stood pieces of statuary draped with the same material; while the image of a murdered maiden, in pure Italian marble, occupied the centre of the room. The form was stretched out, not rigidly, but in curves, as if in a death agony, and the brow was contracted with the pain of a last struggle stamped upon it. The slender fingers tightly locked—the long flowing hair, parted lips and staring eyes produced a feeling almost akin to terror, it was so painfully deathlike. True, I had never seen death in the human race; but there is a something in its representation that strikes a nameless fear to the hearts of the most ignorant—irresistible—terrifying.

"Have I need to explain this?" my father asked, in so changed and hollow a voice, I started at the sound. "Or does it speak for itself. To me, blue is *Death*. M. Mone declares that the Virgin Mary often appeared in blue after the death of the Saviour; and according to the account given by La Mothe-le-Voyer, it is regarded as a mortuary color in a large portion of the Levant, where they wear it for mourning, and dare not appear before kings in a dress of this color.

"Blue, likewise symbolizes chastity, fidelity, loyalty. Death is faithful. There comes a time for all mankind to receive his visits, and we could not shun him if we tried. Death, at least, is to be expected, if all else fails us."

Oh, what a laugh it was that followed those last words. My blood curdled under it, and my eyes shrank from the ghastly images, made more ghastly by the dreary coloring around us. With a few quick strides, he crossed the room, laying his hand upon the curtains that concealed the picture; but he paused there without raising it. My breath came and went in gasps, for I knew we stood upon the threshold of a mystery. Would he reveal it to me now?

No. The hand dropped slowly, and he turned back to where I was standing with ashen brow and lips.

"Not yet," he muttered. "There is time enough—time enough to tilt the silver cover from the urn and let the sweet young eyes gaze upon the ashes hidden within! Little daughter, wait and be patient. Life is too tender for the blight this revelation must shed upon it."

Surely it was not the same face I looked upon beyond the threshold of that deathly chamber. Softened, genial, smiling. Amazement struck me dumb, but before I could recover my self-possession, he was speaking quietly, with a collected, easy manner as if nothing had occurred to shake his nerves or mine.

"I accept green here, not in its divine or sacred sense, but the profane. Its significance among the Moors, as among the Ancients, was that of hope, gladness and juvenility. It is the color of Spring, the infant year, which bears in its tender palms the bright promises of golden harvests.

"Here, you observe a blending of colors. Little golden vines run through the green—waves of golden light flood a carpet of grass. So the parts are divided—in one place keeping the two colors distinct—in another commingling. I love green. It refreshes me to look upon it. I cannot associate with it the evil significance attributed to it by Theosopher and Swedenborg, even in a green eye, which they give to the insane spirits of hell. Satan is represented in the temptation of our Saviour with green eyes and skin. In France, anciently, Le-Voyer says green was the heraldric sign of folly or insanity. Come with me into the library, and I will show you some books upon the Signification of Colors. I brought them with me from England, France, Italy—and I prize them as a part of the life that is alone worth remembering—when I was happy and—innocent."

For hours I sat beside him while he opened book after book and read from its pages. My interest was absorbed, and when he wearied, I took the book he yielded to my hands with his grave, sweet smile—a sure token of unusual pleasure—and read until summoned to tea.

Soon after this I forgot the chill of the Blue Chamber under the fascinating spell of those books. I studied the language of color until the world took a new shape, and Nature always loved—ever powerful, spoke to me with a thousand tongues. My flowers became as living companions, to whom I talked as I worked lovingly among them. Of course flowers derived their significance from the language of color, hence this new and almost worshipful interest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Toilet of a Roman Lady.

This is a subject on which very little has been written, and none but those who are least interested in the subject—viz., the *literati*, can dive into the secrets of an antique toilet-table. Our fair readers may, however, increase their classic lore in this respect by perusing Dr. Constantin James's "Toilette d'une Romaine au temps d'Auguste et Cosmetiques d'une Parisienne," a small volume, in which the author, in a pleasing and popular style, draws a parallel between the old and modern toilet of the fashionable world. We have not space to describe all the odd recipes with which a Roman lady would enhance her charms or ward off the cruel blows of inexorable time. We cannot describe how she entrusted her tender toes to the care of a *pedicure*, nor how a naughty white hair was picked out by the *epilcuse* of the day, whose duty moreover it was to pumice off the hairs of the legs and pull out that of the arm pits, which were easily visible in those days; but we may say something of the teeth, and tell our readers that in those days false mastleators were quite as much in vogue as now. There was a certain Cascellis, who was celebrated for either pulling out or curing decayed teeth, at the choice of the owner; he could plug them with gold, just as our dentists do now. Others made false teeth, which they often fixed with a certain adhesive substance; they made them with bone or ivory, and when the patient was rich would fix them with gold hooks. What were these but our famous *mineraux*? They were equally clever in making whole sets of teeth, which could be put in and taken out at will, "just," as Martial tells us, "as you would take off your silk gown." Pallocombe preparations were in great request for the hair, and no wonder, among a people that considered baldness a shame. Bear's grease was highly prized, and its reputation has come down to our days. That the Roman hairdressers had capital hair-dye is certain; for Martial tells us that "a woman will in an instant become a raven, though she was a swan before." But their dye was apt to soil the head; for the same poet tells an old beau that rather than dye his hair he had better take a sponge. False hair was in request, and was chiefly procured from German slaves. Wigs were not unknown; for Domitian, who was bald, is represented with one; and Messalina would cover her black hair with yellow tresses. Hair was worn in divers fashions. Ovid tells that a long face looks most becoming with the hair separated right and left; that some ladies let their hair fall in ringlets on their shoulders; others tie them up after the fashion of Diana, and others wear them in a net! Verily, there is nothing new under the sun. We must take leave of the author and his amusing book, merely adding that it also contains much good advice to the fair sex as regards the use of cosmetics, the author being very particular in pointing out those which contain dangerous poisons and those which do not.

The Intelligence of the Starling.

The following account of a pet starling may interest, perhaps, some of our readers. The pet—whose adopted name is Brilliant—is a bird of great observation and intelligence, but, like many persons of talent and genius, has a temper peculiarly his own. The feathered favorite is accustomed to be placed at the breakfast-table, &c., at which time, in addition to his regular diet of meat, bread, and seeds, he is given a spoonful or two of milk, and other suitable food; these he is much pleased with, and shows his approval of, by a merry song or cheerful whistle, and utters "Meat, meat, good, good," and often will he call out "More, more," "Piggy," "Yes, yes," and many other words of one syllable, &c. Brilliant is quite a practical entomologist; for he delights in examining insects, and pays particular attention to all moths, flies, and spiders brought under his notice, and they soon disappear after being placed within his reach. Brilliant shows a great dislike to beggars and persons poorly dressed, and when they approach the house he utters a harsh, repeated note, calling out, "Tramp, tramp, tramp," and shows other signs of extreme indignation; neither does he agree with Exeter Hall proclivities, or abolition principles, for he cannot bear the sight of a negro, and when he has seen one (which has been the case several times), he goes to the extremity of the cage, and makes a sound that can only be compared to a hiss. To any member of the family this bird is very tame and affectionate, and delights to see all assembled together, and to listen to a lively conversation, and also always joins in the talk. The appearance of the baker, grocer, and butcher is an occasion of great pleasure, for then he expresses "Good, good." "Come, come." When let out of the cage (in a suitable room), Brilliant generally examines every article in the room, and takes great interest in the mirror, standing before it for some minutes, viewing his reflection in the glass, and perhaps reflecting on his aerial dignity, calling out at the same time, "Oh," "Old boy," &c. After satisfying his curiosity, he will alight on the heads of all present, if not strangers, and then return satisfied to his cage, and begin a cheerful tune. Of course, a bird with these acquired qualities soon becomes a "pet" with those fond of the feathered tribe. This is but one of the many instances that give evidence that birds and other animals may, by attention and kind treatment, become very docile and most affectionate. Kindness to the mute creation is an attribute of a noble nature, while brutality towards them shows a selfish and cowardly disposition. If we really worship Almighty God, let us be humane to all His creatures.

☞ The Indianapolis Journal of Wednesday says, Mr. Albert Pike, poet, painter, Arkansas "Big Injun" and ex-rebel general, arrived in that city on Tuesday morning, stopping at the Bates House, on his way to Washington, to settle up the business of his Indian agency before the war. Pike, the Journal says, is still a "heavy weight," and luxuriates in the same wealth of flowing hair. He says he always knew the cow would eat the grindstone, and only went into the rebellion because he could not help it.

☞ Anger dieth quickly with a good man.

THE LAST DITCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Mark Manifest, one of our successful shipping merchants, finding his purse long enough to retire from business, forthwith purchased a farm up in "Bucks," and set about improving it. There was one field that Mr. Manifest had somehow learned required draining, and having determined to cut a ditch all around it to avoid cutting up the interior, the ex-merchant advertised for "proposals." He had plenty of applicants for the job, but the estimates generally going twenty times beyond his ideas, he hung fire, till one day Pat Malone, the Irish ditcher, came whistling along, and Squire Mark challenged him:

"Pat, what would you cut that ditch for?"

"What 'ud I cut it fur, is it? Faix this, I'd be afther cuttin' it fur the good or the field."

"No—no. You don't understand. How long will it take you to finish it?"

"Arrah now, Bad cess til my thick skull, I see now. Shure I'll be finishin' the ditch in foor days."

"And how much am I to pay you per day, Pat?"

"I'm gittin' two dollars an' me boord, surr, ivverywhere, an' shure ye'll be givin' me that same?"

"Yes, Pat, that I will. If you finish that ditch in four days it will be the cheapest job I ever had done. I'll give you your price, good board, plenty of whiskey, and a handsome present. So you may go at the ditch as soon as you like."

"Long life an' more power til yer honor! I'll be afther doin' that same theriety."

So Pat went at the ditch, and along towards night on the fourth day, Squire Mark took a walk down into the field to admire the completed ditch. He found Pat lathering away like a beaver, making the dirt fly prodigiously, and his ditch cut about a ninth of the way across one side of the field. The squire was utterly astonished—

"Why, Pat, what do you mean? You told me you would *finish* this ditch in four days."

"An' he jabers, yer honor, so I will, an' in less nor that time too. You'll see whin I come til the *finishin'*. Shure—it's only diggin' the ditch now I am."

After some little calculation, Squire Manifest concluded to let "corduroy" go on to the finishing part, but his declaration that that will be the *last ditch* Pat Malone will ever dig for him, is positive.

Up a Tree.

Artemus Aristotle's patriotism broke out demonstratively upon his receipt of the news of the fall of Richmond. He'd have the biggest star-spangled banner and the tallest flag-staff in Berks county—that's what he would, and he told Aunt Hannah so.

So Aris rushed down to Philadelphia by express-train, purchased a forty feet flag, and rushed home again by next express. Then Aris set about achieving the longest liberty pole in Berks, out of a straight, hundred and sixty feet—more or less—pine tree, standing on a knoll back of the house. With the big bunting lashed about his shoulders, and armed with a hatchet, he up-ended the long hay-ladder against the pine, scrambled in among the lower branches, and began cutting his course upwards, trimming close to the trunk every knot and branch as he progressed.

Having cut his way to the tip-top of the tall pine, Arte flung his flag to the breeze, lashed it hard and fast to the staff, hurrahed lustily for Grant, "tigered" for Sheridan, and then made the discovery that he had cut off his retreat. There he was, a hundred and fifty feet up in the air, and every individual thing that he could have climbed down by, cut off smooth. Arte's enthusiasm collapsed in a second, and he hailed the house:

"Hannah! O—Hannah! I say—Hannah! Come out here."

Out came Hannah, and seeing her husband humped up into a ball, away up there under the "flag of the free," the old lady piped out at him in key major:

"Why, sakes o'me! What is it, Arte?"

"Dod dern it, Hannah! *I'm up a tree.* Can't ye take that are musket and shoot my dinner up here?"

"Why, dear me, Arte, how will you ever get down from there?"

"Dunno, Hannah, 'less ye git somebody to chop the derned tree down, and that would con omost kill me. Dod blast the luck!"

Aris clung to his perch just about as long as he could, and then clasping legs and arms about the trunk, he began to slide down stern foremost like a bear, ripping, scraping, and tearing over the rough surface in a way that by the time he touched *terra firma*, it was about an even question which had lost the most bark—Artemus or the tree.

"I'll be dod blamed! if ever I go to cut another tree into a flag-staff, I'll begin at the upper end," Arte swore, as Aunt Hannah led him away ragged and bleeding.

Africa Ascendant.

It has always been the down-south custom to salute a strange "darkie" with—"Who do you belong to?"

Not long since, an ex-member of the Georgia ex-legislature met a strapping African about a mile outside of Savannah, marching cityward, clad in a pair of cast-away Federal pants, one shoe, an old sleeveless shirt of coarse, cotton bagging, an infantry regulation cap, perched on top of his wool, like a tomtit on a haystack, and a cartridge box.

"Who do you belong to?" inquired ex-legislature, remembering the old custom, but happening to forget the emancipation proclamation.

"Wha—wha—what's dat you's sayin, sah?" asked Free Africa, drawing himself up *a la* Brutus. "Who's dat you's callin', 'who dus you 'long to?' I 'longs to self, sah—I dus, an' plenty of dis Guv-ment 'longs to me, an' I's gwine in dar ter git um. Sho—White man, you is foolish—you is, axin sech questions. I's Doctor Brig and car Genial, Mr. Cap'n Majom Mark An toney Elam, es quare—I is. You talkin' 'bout—who dus you 'long to? Go way, I say, ole marsar—couldn't yer guv a boy chaw ter backer?"

That's about the summit of "Freed-man" consistency.

☞ "What's the use," asked a ragged fellow, "of a man's working himself to death to get a living?" And we respond to the inquiry, "What's the use?"

☞ YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.—Ride as we will on the swiftest billow of to-day, we are never out of sight of yesterday.

An Interesting Leaf of History.

HOW THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION WAS WRITTEN.

The New York Independent of this week contains an interesting article from Mr. F. B. Carpenter, giving the history of how the Emancipation Proclamation was written. Mr. Lincoln gave the history to Mr. C., and the latter quotes Mr. Lincoln's words as follows:

"It had got to be," said he, "mid-summer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics or lose the game! I now determined on the adoption of the Emancipation Proclamation; and, without consultation with, or the knowledge of, the Cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, after much anxious thought, called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject. This was the last of July, or the first part of the month of August, 1862." (The exact date he did not remember.) "This Cabinet meeting took place, I think, upon a Saturday. All were present excepting Mr. Blair, the Postmaster General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion, but came in subsequently. I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject matter of a proclamation before them, suggestions as to which would be in order, after they had heard it read. Mr. Lovejoy," said he, "was in error when he informed you that it excited no comment, excepting on the part of Secretary Seward. Various suggestions were offered. Secretary Chase wished the language stronger in reference to the arming of the blacks. Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy, on the ground that it would cost the Administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. Said he: 'Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government—a cry for help; the Government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the Government.' His idea," said the President, "was that it would be considered our last *shriek* on the retreat." (This was his precise expression.) "Now," continued Mr. Seward, "while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue, until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war!" Said Mr. Lincoln: "The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was, that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory. From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, waiting the progress of events. Well, the next news we had was of Pope's disaster, at Bull Run. Things looked darker than ever. Finally, came the week of the battle of Antietam. I determined to wait no longer. The news came, I think, on Wednesday, that the advantage was on our side. I was then staying at the 'Soldiers' Home,' (three miles out of Washington.) Here I finished writing the second draft of the preliminary proclamation; came up on Saturday; called the Cabinet together to hear it, and it was published the following Monday.

"It was a somewhat remarkable fact," he continued, "that there was just one hundred days between the dates of the two proclamations, issued upon the 22d of September and the 1st of January. I had not made the calculation at the time."

At the final meeting on Saturday, another interesting incident occurred in connection with Secretary Seward. The President had written the important part of the proclamation, in these words:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

"When I finished reading this paragraph," resumed Mr. Lincoln, "Mr. Seward stopped me and said: 'I think, Mr. President, you should insert after the word "recognize," in that sentence the words "and maintain."' I replied that I had already fully considered the import of that expression in this connection, but I had not introduced it, because it was not my way to promise what I was not entirely sure that I could perform, and I was not prepared to say that I thought we were exactly able to 'maintain' this.

"But," said he, "Mr. Seward insisted that we ought to take this ground; and the words finally went in!"

Mr. Lincoln then proceeded to show me the various positions occupied by himself and the different members of the Cabinet on the occasion of the first meeting. "As nearly as I can remember," said he, "the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of War were here at my right hand—the others were grouped at the left."

Mr. Chase also told me that at the Cabinet meeting, immediately after the battle of Antietam, and just prior to the issue of the September proclamation, the President entered upon the business before them by saying that "the time for the enunciation of the emancipation policy could no longer be delayed. Public sentiment," he thought, "would sustain it, many of his warmest friends and supporters demanded it—and he had promised his God he would do it!" The last part of this was uttered in a low tone, and appeared to be heard by no one but Secretary Chase, who was sitting near him. He asked the President if he correctly understood him. Mr. Lincoln replied, "I made a solemn vow before God that, if General Lee was driven back from Pennsylvania, I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves!"

WHAT town in Ireland would an Irishman name to a fellow-countryman when in the act of "flooring" him?—Down, Patrick! (Downpatrick).

John Bull's Troubles in Railroad Travelling.

In a recent Parliamentary report, it is asserted that "gentlemen passengers, as well as railway officers of all classes, constantly refuse to travel singly with a stranger of the weaker sex, under the belief that it is only common prudence to avoid, in this manner, all risk of being accused—for purposes of extortion—of insult or assault."

The Saturday Review remarks upon this:—"Any one who travels much knows that a good deal of alarm has been excited among respectable men of late by the mania which appears to have seized the other sex for imagining, or asserting, that they have been criminally assaulted. Upon railways the terror has become a perfect panic. No man with any consideration for his character will venture within winking distance of any woman who is reasonably good-looking, and young girls are avoided by all prudent persons as if they had the plague. Old women, and very ugly women—women of that sterling republicanness that they carry in their faces an unanswerable refutation of any possible charge of assault—are at a high premium just now, especially for long railway journeys. Now is their hour of compensation. The men may turn from them in the drawing-room, may manœuvre to be separated from them at the dinner table, but in the railway carriages they enjoy a popularity for which bright eyes and youthful cheeks pine in vain. True as the needle to the pole, the cautious passenger flies to the favored seat which places him under the wing of hairless and cappy age. The alarm is not wholly groundless."

Effects of Imagination.

Once, at a large dinner-party, Mr. Rogers was speaking of an inconvenience arising from the custom, then commencing, of having windows formed of one large sheet of plate-glass. He said that a short time ago he sat at dinner with his back to one of these single panes of plate-glass: it appeared to him that the window was wide open, and, such was the force of imagination, that he actually caught cold. It so happened that I was sitting just opposite to the poet. Hearing this remark, I immediately said: "Dear me, how odd it is, Mr. Rogers, that you and I should make such a very different use of the faculty of imagination. When I go to the house of a friend in the country, and unexpectedly remain for the night, having no night-cap, I should naturally catch cold. But, by tying a bit of pack-thread tightly round my head, I go to sleep imagining that I have a night-cap on; consequently I catch no cold at all." This sally produced much amusement in all around, who supposed I had improvised it; but, odd as it may appear, it is a practice I have often resorted to. Mr. Rogers, who knew full well the respect and regard I had for him, saw at once that I was relating a simple fact, and joined cordially in the merriment it excited.—*Mr. Babbage.*

Take my Hand, Papa.

In the dead of the night I am frequently awakened by a little hand stealing out from the crib by my side, with the pleading cry, "Please take my hand, papa!"

Instantly the little boy's hand is grasped, his fears vanish, and, soothed by the consciousness of his father's presence, he falls into a sleep again.

We commend this lesson of simple, filial faith and trust to the anxious, sorrowing ones that are found in almost every household. Stretch forth your hand, stricken mourner, although you may be in the deepest darkness and gloom, and fear and anxious suspense may cloud your pathway, and that very act will reveal the presence of a loving, compassionate Father, and give you the peace that passeth all understanding.

The darkness may not pass away at once; night may enfold you in its cold embrace, but its terrors will be dissipated, its gloom and sadness flee away, and, in the simple grasp of the Father's hand, sweet peace will be given, and you will rest securely, knowing that the morning cometh.

WHAT IS DUST?—A curious experiment has been made by Dr. Reichenbach, of Vienna. He believes in the existence of a cosmical powder or dust which exists all through space, and which sometimes becomes agglomerated so as to form large and small meteorolites, while at other times it reaches the surface of our earth in the form of an impalpable powder. We know that meteorolites are mainly composed of nickel, cobalt, iron, phosphorus, &c. Well, Dr. Reichenbach went to the top of a mountain, which had never been touched by a spade or a pickaxe, and collected there some dust, which he analyzed, and found it to contain nickel, and cobalt, and phosphorus, and magnesia. People have wondered where the minute quantity of phosphorus, so generally distributed on the surface of the earth, came from. The doctor, however, has discovered it in this mysterious invisible rain, which henceforth must be looked upon as quite as necessary for vegetation as the water which falls from the clouds. This is very pretty and poetical, but probably the discovery will not be universally believed.

ANECDOTE OF A STORK.—Birds do not often voluntarily take passage on board ships bound for foreign countries, but I can testify to one such case. A stork which had nested near one of the palaces on the Bosphorus, had, by some accident, injured a wing, and was unable to join his fellows when they commenced their winter migration to the banks of the Nile. Before he was able to fly again, he was caught, and the flag of the nation to which the palace belonged was tied to his leg, so that he was easily identified at a considerable distance. As his wing grew stronger he made several unsatisfactory experiments at flight, and at last, by a vigorous effort, succeeded in reaching a passing ship, bound southward, and perched himself on a topsail yard. I happened to witness this movement, and observed him quietly maintaining his position as long as I could discern him with a spy-glass. I suppose he finished the voyage, for he certainly did not return to the palace.

"A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH."—An evening paper in a neighboring city said: "You know you lied—every one conversant with the facts are cognizant of it." Now mark the reply of the editor thus coarsely alluded to: "We have no objection whatever to the epithet applied to us by our neighbor, taking it whence it comes. But we do object to being blackguarded in such shocking bad grammar!"

STRANGE TALES.—How full is the world of strange stories! Who does not remember Endymion, kissed by the moon, and many such quaint mythological conceptions? Later days have been prolific of similar stories, as of Faust, who was made young again; of Schlemmihl, who lost his shadow; of Holmes' girl, who inherited the nature of a snake that had stung her; of Longfellow's Prince, in the Golden Legend, who must find a young girl willing to die in his stead; of the Diamond Lens, which gave the moon in all its superficies and detail? These strange constructions show the wonderful ingenuity of the mind, and the capacity of the imagination to follow science through all her winding and abstruse ways. There is no truth so profound that some airy construction cannot be built upon it.

LIFE, GROWTH, AND BEAUTY TO THE HAIR.

"London" Gray "Hair Color Does Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" Hair "Hair Color not Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" Changed "Hair Color Stain Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" without "Hair Color Any- Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" Dyeing. "Hair Color thing. Restorer."

It is the *Only Known Restorer of Color and Perfect Hair Dressing Combined.* Delicately perfumed.

1.—It will restore gray hair to its original color.
2.—It will make it grow on bald heads.
3.—It will restore the natural secretions.
4.—It will remove all dandruff and itchings.
5.—It will make the hair soft, glossy and flexible.
6.—It will preserve the original color to old age.
7.—It will prevent the hair from falling off.
8.—It will cure all diseases of the scalp.

Price 75 cents per bottle, or $4 the half dozen. Sold by DR. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. je21-cowtf

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MEASLES are prostrating the volunteers by hundreds, the hospitals are crowded with them. Soldiers, be warned in time. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are positively infallible in the cure of this disease; occasional doses of them will preserve the health even under the greatest exposures. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

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PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.—Chloasma, or Mothpatch (also called Liverspot), and Lentigo, or Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face of a blonde than of a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of either, and any preparation that will effectually remove them, *without injuring the texture or color of the skin*, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. PERRY, who has made diseases of the skin a specialty, has discovered a remedy for these discolorations which is at once prompt, infallible, and harmless.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 23 North SIXTH Street, and by DYOTT & CO., 232 North SECOND Street.

Prepared only by B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond Street, New York, and for sale by all Druggists. Price, $3 per bottle. Call for PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

For further information address Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 BOND street, NEW YORK. je17-3m

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BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed *free* for $1.13. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

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THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is a better feeling in the Flour market. About 10,000 bbls have been disposed of, at $6.87½@6.50 for common and good superfine, $6.62@7 for extras, $7.25@8.50 for extra family, and $9@10 ₩ bbl for high grade do. and fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is selling at $5 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly. Sales of 27,000 bushels Wheat at 155 to 177c for common to prime western, Penna and southern reds, and 177@210c for white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye—Sales of 10,000 bus at 90@100c. Corn—94,000 bus were disposed of at 85@90c for damaged; 89@90c for western mixed; 90@92c for white, and 92@96c for yellow. Oats—Sales of 27,000 bus at 67@68c.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the hog product generally is firmer; bbld Meats sell at $17@23 for Mess Pork and $14@18 for plain and extra Mess Beef. Beef Hams are quoted at $30@32 ₩ bbl. Of smoked Meats Hams are selling at 21@23c, and 16c for Shoulders. Lard; sales of bbls and tcs at 19@20c, and kegs at 21@22c. Butter is selling at 19@25c for common to prime packed. Cheese is worth 11@17c ₩ lb, as in quality. Eggs range at 20@27c ₩ dozen.

COTTON.—The market has been unsettled, with sales 1800 bales at from 45 to 53c for low and good middling quality.

BARK is in request; sales of 50 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron at $32,50 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark is steady.

BEESWAX.—Good yellow is worth 50c ₩ lb.

COAL.—There is more demand for the supply of the Eastern markets at $5@6,50 ₩ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE.—Sales Rio and Laguayra at 21½@22c gold.

FEATHERS.—Sales Western at 58@61c ₩ lb.

HAY is selling at $20 ₩ ton.

HOPS.—Sales limited, at 25@45c ₩ lb.

IRON.—The market is firm but quiet. Pig Metal.—About 2,000 tons anthracite found buyers, in lots, at $25@31 for forge, and $30@35 for foundry, the latter for good No. 1.

LUMBER.—The market continues dull, with sales at $17@20 for white and $23@26 for yellow sap boards; Lehigh hemlock is worth $12@13.

OILS.—For Petroleum the market is firm at 23@25c for crude, 32½@35c for refined in bond, and 75@77c for free oil.

PLASTER is steady at $3½ ₩ ton.

RICE.—Sales at 9½@9¾c for Rangoon and 10½@10¾c for Carolina.

SEEDS are quiet, with very little Clover or Timothy offering or selling, and prices are nominal. Flaxseed is in demand and scarce at $2,60@2,65 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS.—N E Rum is steady at $2,30@2,35. Whiskey is selling at $2,12@2,15.

TALLOW.—Sales at 10½@11½c ₩ lb for country and city rendered.

WOOL.—There is a better feeling in the market; sales at 55 to 60c and 70c for low medium and fine fleece, and 63 to 72c for tub. Yarns range at from $1,10 to 1,60 for 20 and 30 cuts.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from $12.00 to 1.50 ₩ 100 lbs. 2000 Hogs at from $12 to 14,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 5½ to 9 cts ₩ lb. 120 Cows brought from $35 to 50 ₩ head.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Camden, N. J., on Wednesday evening, July 12th, 1865, at the residence of Samuel Carels, M. D., by the Rev. S. Vansant, Mr. WILLIAM B. SCOBEY, of Concordville, Pa., to Miss LIZZIE CARELS, of Camden, N. J., youngest daughter of Wm. Carels, Sr.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE H. CONNER to Miss LYDIA McDONALD, both of Delaware. Wilmington papers please copy.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. W. Bonham, JOSEPH C. CHAMPION to Miss MATTIE, daughter of Robt. M'Culloch, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. W. Charlton, Mr SAMUEL R. HAYNES to Miss SALLIE W. STILES.

On the 11th instant, by Friends' ceremony, in presence of Mayor Henry, JAMES WATSON to MARY P. WOOD, both of this city.

On the 27th of June, by the Rev. Thomas D. Allen, Mr. JAMES W. GUY to Miss ROXCALANA HORLEY.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Lieut C. HARRY CRAWFORD, U. S. A., to Miss MARY E. CAMPBELL, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, Lieut. WILLIAM A. MILLER, U. S. A., to Miss JOSEPHINE A., daughter of Job Weeks, of Lower Bank, New Jersey.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, A. M. CHAMBERLAIN, in his 48th year.

On the 11th instant, at Mower Hospital, Chestnut Hill, Dr. JOSEPH HOPKINSON, Surgeon in charge.

On the 10th instant, Mr. WILLIAM R. PAUL, in his 51st year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. ELLEN CUNNINGHAM, aged 50 years.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM T. MASON, in his 43d year.

On the 10th instant, ANN JANE, wife of Thomas Fry, aged 51 years.

On the 9th instant, Dr. JAMES H. WILSON, in his 47th year.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. JANE THOMPSON, in her 42d year.

On the 9th instant, ELLEN GRIFFITH, aged 50 years.

On the 8th instant, SAMUEL GILBERT, in his 38th year.

On the 8th instant, Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSTON, in his 21st year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
EYRE & LANDELL.
ESTABLISHED IN 1840.

We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.

GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.

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COFFEE! COFFEE!

A RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

To answer the numerous inquiries, "Why I advertise Coffee roasted without Water or Lard?" I will explain the difference of my mode of Roasting Coffee—except one point—and that pursued by all others, thus:

The system here is to put the Coffee into the Cylinder, and BURN—literally true—it as fast as possible. While the Coffee is thus ready to ignite, and often burned black; a large quantity of water is then thrown on it, which, being converted into steam, liberates any virtue left in the Coffee by such miserable method. Many may ask, What is the reason for all this? which is easily explained.

Water Cools the Coffee rapidly, and allows them to return it in shorter time. The dealers are suited also, because they get back the Coffee from the Roaster—Burner at a trifling loss—the Water restoring the weight lost by burning.

The Water places the Roaster in the position to do a large amount of burning—on time. Twenty to twenty-five minutes is the usual time they allow for burning.

HENRY CHAPMAN'S system is this—except one point not divulged—Forty minutes is the time which my Coffee gets, and is then cooled without Water or Lard—thus retaining all the natural oil of the berry and flavor—not having been drawn or the strength evaporated by dashing Water on the heated berry. The Grease which others put on is to restore this natural Oil.

HENRY CHAPMAN,
932 ARCH STREET, PHILADA.
jy 15-3t

FIFTY PIECES FOR THE ORGAN.

Carefully Figured and Not Difficult.

Consisting of Offertoires, Elevations, Communions, Versets, Sorties, Preludes, &c. By Edward Batiste, Professor in the Conservatoire of Paris, and Organist of St. Eustach. This day published at the following prices: In cloth, $4. In boards, $3.50. Mailed, post-free, on receipt of price, by

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jy22-tf

"PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT HOME," Reading the Scriptures to his family; Portraits of President Johnson, Gens Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. These are beautiful lithograph engravings. Size 16x20 inches. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 30 cents each, $2,40 per dozen, $17 per 100. Address RICHARDS & ROCHE, 101 Division St., NEW YORK CITY. jy22-2t

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COSMETIC FOR THE COMPLEXION, for the cure of Freckles, Tan, Pimples, and all Eruptions of the skin. A sample and the receipt sent to any address on the receipt of 50 cts. Address WM. H. WOOD, Moravia, Cayuga Co., N. York.

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to J. W. STEPHENS, 239 Broadway, New York. jy22-3m

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STILL IN DEMAND.—RITTER'S PORTABLE DESK AND CHECKERBOARD combined. Agents wanted at Hospitals and Military stations. Sample mailed free $1,25. A. J. RITTER, Rahway, N. J.

"HOW 'TIS DONE."—Whiskers in 8 weeks. Gambling exposed. Fortune-telling. Ventriloquism, &c. 100 great secrets. Free for 25 cts. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H. jy22-2t

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A LADY who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 3068, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. jel0-10

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HAVE PROVED from the most ample experience, an *Entire Success*—Simple, Prompt, Efficient, and Reliable. They are the only medicines perfectly adapted to popular use. They have received the highest praise from the profession, the press, and the people, and will always render satisfaction.

No.		Price of Single Boxes—Cents
1	—Cures Fevers, Congestion and Inflammation	25
2	" Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic, &c.	25
3	" Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	25
4	" Diarrhœa of Children and Adults	25
5	" Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	25
6	" Cholera Morbus, Nausea, or Vomiting	25
7	" Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis	25
8	" Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	25
9	" Headaches, Sick Headache, or Vertigo	25
10	" Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Costiveness	25
11	" Suppressed, Scanty or Painful Periods	25
12	" Leucorrhœa, or Whites, Profuse Periods	25
13	" Croup, Hoarse Cough, Difficult Breathing	25
14	" Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
15	" Rheumatism, and all Rheumatic Pains	25
16	" Fever and Ague, Chill Fever—Old Agues	50
17	" Piles, internal or external, blind or bleeding	50
18	" Ophthalmy, Sore, Weak or Inflamed Eyes	50
19	" Catarrh, acute or chronic, or influenza	50
20	" Whooping Cough, or violent Coughs	50
21	" Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing	50
22	" Ear Discharges and Impaired Hearing	50
23	" Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
24	" General Debility, or Physical Weakness	50
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26	" Sea-Sickness, or Sickness from riding	50
27	" Kidney Disease, Gravel, Renal Calculi	50
28	" Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions, Involuntary Discharges	$1 00
29	" Sore Mouth, or Canker of Adults or Children	50
30	" Urinary Incontinence and Wetting the Bed	50
31	" Painful Periods even with Spasms	50
32	" Sufferings at Change of Life	$1 00
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FAMILY CASES.

Case of 35 vials, in morocco case, Book complete $15 00
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☞ These REMEDIES, by the case or the single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, free of charge, on the receipt of the price. Address,

Humphrey's Specific Homœpathic Medicine Co., Office and Depot, No. 562 Broadway, N. York.

Dr. HUMPHREYS is consulted daily at his office, personally or by letter, as above, for all forms of disease.

Dyott & Co., Philadelphia, Wholesale Dealers. Retailed by all Philadelphia Druggists.

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(Late Withers & Peterson,)

32 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. my2-1y

PHILADELPHIA
NATATORIUM AND PHYSICAL INSTITUTE,
Broad Below WALNUT, Philadelphia.
Swimming-School for Children, Ladies, and Gentlemen.

The Swimming Department of the above Institution is now in full operation. Dr. Jansen's System of Instruction is easy, pleasant, and very successful. Ladies or gentlemen contemplating to visit the seashore not having learned to swim yet are invited to a visit. From 6 to 10 lessons will enable them to become good swimmers by continued practice. The temperature of the water is always that of midsummer. For particulars see circular. jy15-4t

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B. FRANK PALMER.

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection*. Thousands of these Limbs are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist, oc23-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec 17-tf Box 930, Boston, Mass.

$6 FROM 50 CENTS.

Call and examine something urgently needed by everybody, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retail for $6. R. L. WOLCOTT, 5bis8-1y No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

CURL YOUR HAIR.

Samples of Prof. Robb's CURLIQUE sent free. It beats the world. It will curl the straightest hair the first application in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing ringlets. Samples sent *free*. Address, with *stamp*, Prof. R. ROBB, *Parkman, Ohio*. jy1-1t

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The July number of this Magazine opens with an engraving appropriate to the season, called "ON THE CLIFF." It is a beautiful picture of two lovers enjoying the repose and freshness of the sea-shore—and makes one long for the dash of the breakers against the rocks, and the smell of the salt waves. The Double Fashion Plate for this month is quite brilliant. The other engravings are the "Bridge of Sighs," and the usual number devoted to new styles of dress, &c. We give the

LIST OF CONTENTS FOR JULY.

STEEL PLATE.—On the Cliff.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Bridge of Sighs—Waist of White Cashmere, (back view)—Waist of White Cashmere, (front view). Trimming—The Watteau Coiffure, (front view), Senorita Jacket—Watteau Coiffure, (back view).
MUSIC—Tyrrell Gallop.
THE SILENT NUN. By SOPHIE MAY.
ONE IS MISSING. By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.
STEPHEN COURTLAND'S PET. By ANNIE RUSSELL.
SHOWERS. By EDWIN R. MARTIN.
SWEET AGNES. By Miss ANNIE F. KENT.
PEGGY MARTIN'S STORY. By EMMA M. JOHNSTON.
TWILIGHT.
OUR CHILD. By MARCIA HOPE.
THE POLLY. By AUNT ALICE.
DARLING MINNIE. By FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.
JOHN SMITH'S BROTHER. By FRANCES LEE.
BALLAD OF THE BOATS. By JULIA.
WHY? TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY E. L.
WORN OUT. By H. S. CONEY.
THE BATTLE FIELD. By M. FLORELLA BISBEE.
NOVELTIES FOR JULY. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.
FASHIONS—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2 50 a year; 2 copies $4. To those desirous of making up clubs, specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

WHAT MATCHLESS BEAUTY

Lingers on every glossy wave and ripl et of her lovely hair.

IVINS' PATENT HAIR CRIMPERS

For crimping and waving ladies' hair. *No heat used and no injury to the hair.*

They are put up in beautifully lithographed boxes containing one set (1 doz.) assorted lengths, with full directions for use accompanying each box.

No ladies' toilet is complete without them. For sale throughout the country. Retailers will be supplied by any first-class Jobber of Notions in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston. Manufactured only by E. IVINS, Sixth St. and Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. jy8-1y

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FIRST PREMIUM
IMPROVED
$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

Patented May 13th, 1862, improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is noiseless in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD. Makes the Running Stitch *more perfect* and *regular*, than by hand and with extraordinary rapidity. Will *Gather, Hem, Ruffle, Skirr, Tuck, Run up Breadths, &c., &c*; requires no *Lubrication or Change of Stitch*—is not liable to get out of order, and will last a LIFETIME.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*New York Independent.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions on receipt of the price, $5. Agents wanted everywhere. Circular containing Liberal Inducements sent Free.

All orders must be addressed to FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO., je24-3m Office, 102 Nassau St., New York.

JAVA,
MANILLA,
RIO COFFEE,
SPICES,
Splendid Nutmegs,
&c., &c.

HENRY CHAPMAN,
932 ARCH STREET, PHILADA.
jy 15-3t

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer, THOMAS J. HUSBAND, my19-3m Philadelphia.

$125 A MONTH!—AGENTS WANTED every where to introduce the improved *Shaw & Clark* $20 *Family Sewing Machine*, the *only* low price machine in the country which is *licensed* by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. *All* other machines now sold for less than forty dollars each are *infringements*, and the seller and user are *liable to fine and imprisonment*. Salary and expenses, or large commission, allowed. Illustrated circulars sent *free*. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine. my13-3m

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$70 A MONTH!—I want Agents everywhere, at $70 a Month, expenses paid, to sell *Fifteen Articles*, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars *free*. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine. my13-3m

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SEND 3 CENTS to Box 3346, St. Louis, Mo., for OUR SEALED CIRCULAR. jy15-4t

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UNITED STATES
7-30 Loan.

THIRD SERIES,
$200,000,000.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned, the General Subscription Agent for the sale of United States Securities, offers to the public the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

7-30 LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of July 15, 1865, and are payable three years from that date in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT. GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, *from State, County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum to their value*, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The Interest at 7-30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a			$50 note.
Two cents	"	"	$100 "
Ten	"	"	$500 "
20	"	"	$1,000 "
$1	"	"	$5,000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

The Notes of this Third Series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirties already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at 6 per cent., instead of 7 3-10ths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15th, at the time when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third series of the Seven-thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly and continuously after that date.

The slight change made in the conditions of this THIRD SERIES affects only the matter of interest. The payment in gold, if made, will be equivalent to the currency interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in Gold be availed of, would so reduce and equalize prices that purchases made with six per cent. in gold would be fully equal to those made with seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

Now offered by the Government, and its superior advantages make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than $210,000,000 of the Loan authorized by Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
MAY 15, 1865. PHILADELPHIA.
my22-3m

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65
No. 2 Machine, with	
Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100
No. 1 Machine, with	
Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, feb27-1y 109 Nassau street, New York City.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Sayings of Josh Billings.

Big Genius.—A big genius is generally a phool; he knows how to do one or two things so much, that he aint fit for ennything else; he iz like a gra-hound, good for running fast that's all. Yu kant larn him nothing, enny more than you kan an eagle; he knows how to fill up and look at the sun without winking, bekause he was born so, and when he gets up on the peak ov the mountain and gets well lit, you kant git tew him, nor he won't cum tew you, but thare he sits till the dinner-bell rings. After dinner he flies oph agin, and you won't see him till supper-time. They are like mumys, verry ourie critters, had keep a long time without spileing. If tha only had common sense, so that yu kould make taylors or shumakers ov them, thare would be sone sense ov having the breed more plenty, but one or two is aul that iz profitable tew hav on hand tew onst, and tha are enough to keep enny body uneasy about what they are going tew dew next. Tha live about 40 years ahead of the times, and when the world ketches up with the last one, another iz born, who spends most of his time in digging up the old bones that the last one buried. About the only thing they aho enny common sense in is, that tha moste alwus die in det tew every bodey. The moste unfortunate thing about having a big genius on hand, is, that so many try tew imitate them, but they don't generally get any further up than their vices, and thus one big genius suckles a thousand phools. They don't generally liv happy, bekause they aint bilt right to fit things as they find them. They ought to have a grate place tew stop in, whare thare aint nothing but big generalitys to dew, and whare they kan play toss and ketch with the stars, and krack butternuts with mountains. They are curious critters. They ain't afraid tew straddle a hurry kane without enny bridle on, and stick in the spurs, but a mice nibbling in the wanes-out will drive them barheaded into the streets. They kan plant, but they won't kultivate nor reap.

If I was a woman, I would az soon marry a porcupine as a big genius; they are either as hot az the stove in a distrikt skoolhouse, or as kold and unfeeling az the shoes on a ded omnibus hoss. A genius is like a big comet, they appear onse in about so often, and makes every body nervous, and then disappear, and tho we may not at the time be able to put our fingers on the individual good they have done us, still their visit is a big one, and the grate reservoys are pumped up fuller, and we poor men, the rest ov us, when we stick our little fountains, find that the waters have been sweetened and freshened by sum body.

Power of Humbug.

An individual who opened a small tavern near the field of Waterloo was frequently questioned as to whether he did or did not possess some relics of the battle, and he invariably and honestly answered in the negative.

But he was very poor; and one day while lamenting to a neighbor not only his poverty, but the annoyance to which travellers subjected him, his friend cut him short with—

"Well, make one help the other; make some relics."

"But what can I do?" inquired the poor man.

"Tell them that Napoleon or Wellington entered your shop during the battle, and sat down in that chair."

Not long after an English tourist entered the tavern, and, inquiring for relics, was told the chair story. The chair was bought at an incredible price. The next comer was informed that Wellington had taken a drink, and the Wellington tumbler was accordingly sold. The third arrival gazed with breathless wonder at the nail on which Bonaparte had hung his hat; the fourth purchased the door-posts between which he had entered; and the fifth became the happy purchaser of the floor on which he had trodden.

At the last advices, the fortunate tavern-keeper had not a roof to cover his head, and was sitting on a bag of gold in the corner of a deep pit formed by selling the earth on which the house had stood.

"I'll Beat His Wife."

A vixen wife, who, for the horsewhip's smart,
Ran to her father, begg'd he'd take her part;
"What is your fault?" said he. "Come, state the case."
"I threw some coffee in my husband's face,
For which he beat me!" "Beat you, did he? 'slife!
He beat my *daughter*—zounds! I'll beat his *wife!*"

Only Enough for One.—Sheridan was once staying at the house of an elderly maiden lady in the country, who wanted more of his company than he was willing to give. Proposing one day to take a stroll with him, he excused himself on account of the badness of the weather. Shortly afterwards she met him sneaking out alone. "So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up." "Just a little, ma'am; enough for one, but not enough for two."

Tastes Differ with Regard to Birds.—The infant delights in *crows*, but hates the *thrush*; some lunatics are *sea-mews'* mad; gluttons are fond of *swallows*; persons with bad colds indulge in *hawks*; gamblers like *pigeons* and *gulls*; thieves go in for a *robin*; fast men glory in a *lark*; and every good husband loves his *little duck* of a wife.

One day the philosopher Bias found himself in the same vessel with a crowd of sorry scoundrels. A tempest came on, and instantly the whole band began to invoke the succor of the gods. "Be quiet, you wretches!" said the sage; "if the gods perceive that you are here, we are gone!"

When is a cat like a tea pot? When you're *teasin* it (tea's in it.) [The perpetrator of this frightful attempt has been taken to a well-known water-cure establishment, and is now slowly, and, it is to be hoped, finally recovering.]

A western editor complains that his poverty came very near being exposed to the world. A pickpocket relieved him of his purse, but unexpectedly and considerately refrained from saying anything about its contents.

☞ All lawyers may be said to belong to the *Fe*nian Brotherhood.

FASHIONS FOR THE COMING SEASON.
From the "Journal des Coiffeurs."
[*The Ladies have already begun.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Save the Straw.

There is too large a percentage of our farmers who have never thought that there is more than three uses to which straw can be put. The first of these is to haul to market and sell, if there be a market within reasonable reach. The second is for stable bedding, and secondarily to pitch out the same material for manure. And the third use is to chop up some small portion of the stock to mix with other feed for cattle.

Now there are a good many very useful uses to which straw may be put, a few of which please to make a note of and remember, you careless, slovenly farmers, who have been in the practice of wasting a great deal of such material. Now is the proper time to begin to take the thing into consideration, and keep it there constantly, until all the threshing is through with, and all straw securely stacked, or safely put away under cover for a final disposition.

Now that straw has become fully established as a paper-making material, there will always be a demand for it for that purpose; and although farmers need never expect to again realize such prices for straw, or anything else they produce, as have ruled during the late war, still rates will always be such as will pay for saving and sending the material to the paper-mills.

With the improved Beater Hay Press, that will compress five hundred pounds of any ordinary straw into a "brick" 48x34x24 inches, making it impervious to water, and with our network of railroads leaving very few districts beyond an easy possibility of market at reasonable rates, small communities of farmers may club together and purchase a press at a cost that, individually, will scarcely be felt, and during the comparatively leisure season of late fall and winter, compress all the spare hay, straw, and corn-fodder of the community, making a clear saving of forty per cent. by the operation.

Then there are home uses for straw, other than those to which it is usually applied, that makes it always worth saving. In many sections of the country it is a much cheaper material than the cheapest lumber for roofing and siding of sheep and cattle sheds, and put on properly, as a snug thatch it is for a dozen years just as good.

All farmers having orchards of apple or peach trees in exposed situations, would find it greatly to their advantage to make a stout bundle of straw around the trunk of each tree to the height of five or six feet, and mulch the ground with the same material to the distance of ten or twelve feet in all directions from the trunks, and then in the spring strip the trees of their straw jackets and burn the mulching and all, as it lies spread over the surface. Do this before the foliage of the tree begins to put forth, and no harm will be done by the fire, but on the contrary great benefit to the trees will result from the coating, mulching and burning.

As a filtering medium in the filling in of under drains over tiles, stone or timber, straw is ten times more valuable than it is thrown out in an unrotted condition for manure, and as interlayers between hay courses housed or put in stacks green, it is invaluable as a ventilator, preventing heating and damage to the hay, and afterwards valuable—almost as much so as the hay itself—for winter feed, having absorbed so much of the juices and aroma of the hay that stock very frequently will lay hold of it in preference.

There are other uses than these to which straw may advantageously be put, but as our column of space always admonishes us of brevity, we remit the balance of our straw lecture at present—returning to it some time during the fall, perhaps.

Shelter for Sheep.

Any one having a flock of sheep exposed in an open pasture, panting, pining, faint and enfeebled during these burning days of July and August, and can go among them unmoved by pity, without saying in a most determined way, "Nannies, you shall have shelter if I live another year!" Any man whom the needless torture of poor dumb brutes will fail to move to remorse, may search for his heart as long and unsuccessfully as navigators have done for a practicable northwest passage.

No other of our domestic animals suffers so much from vicissitudes of climate, and requires so much protection against the extremes of heat and cold, as the sheep. And it is always profitable, to say nothing of the kindness of the thing, to have our sheep well cared for and protected alike against the biting frosts of winter and the summer's blazing sun. In almost all our sheep grazing regions, especially in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, Western Virginia and Ohio, some varieties or other of evergreen are so easily obtainable and may be so cheaply fashioned into convenient and comfortable sheep arbors, that the wonder is we should find a field grazing any considerable number of the animals without them.

Spruce, pine, cedar and hemlock we have learned to transplant where we will and insure life to almost a certainty. Then how easy the achievement to transfer from the forests or from any place where they are not needed any of these trees that come readiest to hand to the sheep pasture, set them in double rows close together, lengthwise the rows, but twelve to fourteen feet transversely, incline the tops at a considerable angle towards each other, continuing our rows until we shall have secured shelter room for our whole flock, and if our trees be of any considerable size, we shall have even the first summer after planting a tolerable sheep shelter, and in the course of three or four a most efficient one.

Why, even the semi-barbarian *herdeiros* of the western provinces of the Rio de la Plata and the interior of Uruguay do as much as this for their sheep.

Some Uses of Charcoal.

As a bit of charcoal absorbs from the atmosphere about seventy times its own bulk of carbon every twenty-four hours, taking the average of spring, summer, and fall weather, and in the same time exhales an equal amount of the same material, only in a changed condition, it being so assimilated that all vegetation feeding largely upon carbonaceous food, readily lay hold of and appropriate it to their necessities, it follows that in many instances charcoal is the best, because the quickest vegetable stimulant that we can use.

A great many plants take carbon in one form or another upon very nearly the same principle that humanity does wine, brandy, and bitters. It is not legitimately an article of diet, but rather a stimulating drink, imparting a temporary artificial vigor, enabling them to lay hold of, and digest the material food which makes their growth and substance. Plants as a rule, require these stimulants most, just as man does, at that period when they are the most rapidly approaching maturity. Hence, although charcoal is never out of place as a powerful auxiliary to the best and most perfect development of the plant structure, its presence, particularly in the vegetable garden, during the months of July, August, and September, is particularly beneficial.

One of the most satisfactory and successful experiments that we have ever made with charcoal, was with an asparagus bed. At the depth of eighteen inches from the surface, in a light, sandy soil, we laid down evenly, about four inches in thickness, a bed of charcoal—or rather coal-dust, as it was gathering from the debris of a coal pit, where it had lain exposed to the action of the weather for half a dozen years. Over the coal bedding, the natural soil was replaced, but slightly improved by the addition of a miscellaneous domestic compost in the proportion of one to ten.

The asparagus produced on the charcoal bed was fully equal to any we ever saw; while two neighboring beds, prepared according to the most approved formulas produced nothing extraordinary either in quality or quantity.

We have always found our peas to grow more thrifty, bear earlier, longer, and more abundantly grown over a charcoal-dust foundation than any other preparation. A compost, having for its constituents about four-parts of fine charcoal or dust, two of wood ashes, and one of pigeon, or hen guano, and applied to the hill, either in planting or during the early periods of growth, is the most efficient promoter of growth and vigor in all vines, tomatoes, cabbages, egg-plants, lettuce, radishes, &c., of anything we have ever experimented with.

Saving Seeds.

If farmers and gardeners would but spend a small fraction of the time literally thrown away every year, in producing and saving their home grown seeds, instead of depending as is too widely the practice upon seedsmen and strangers, they would be greatly the gainers in improved stock.

Now a seeds-salesman may be as honest as it is usual, or even possible for a man to be; but he is rarely a producer of the material he vends to any great extent, and almost as frequent as ourselves, is imposed upon by the grower, with imperfect, immature, and stale seeds. Don't you believe that seed grower—even though he be a Shaker, is going to strip off and throw away for your benefit, the tip kernels and late, imperfect seeds. Not he. He has no time to select very nicely—it would cut down his profits. That's what he grows seeds for—not your exclusive benefit, by any means.

It is far better so far as practicable to produce your own seeds from the best stock, selecting always that earliest ripened and most perfectly developed, scrupulously discarding all sickly, feeble, immature trash—it is worthless. Now is the season to begin to turn your attention to seed saving.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I—ce Cream.

I do not propose to give instructions in ice-cream making, for I know but little about it. But I can tell of two ice-cream *sells* that I saw effected not five yards from our door the other day, when the thermometer stood at 95½ in the shade.

Johannes Jagues, who drives his locomotive ice-cream concern past our way, right out into Jersey somewhere every day, has got a voice like a high-pressure steamboat. If Johannes had been commander of the Army of the Potomac, and knew how to do the thing, and could have spoken ten consecutive words of intelligible English, he could have displayed the column and formed the line of battle of the whole army without an aid-de-camp. He could have made everybody hear him easy.

Well, Johannes was dragging out through the sand at high, scorching noon, roaring with all his monstrous might of lungs—

"*I—scream!* I SCREAM!"

"Wal I'll be dod dingged if I don't think you do *scream*, mister," soliloquized a rural sample of Jersey from away in yonder, who was resting his panting nag under one of the maples in front of our house.

Along came Johannes, bellowing his *I—scream* twice at every revolution of his wagon-wheel. I brought the Tucton to a halt, and purchased a quart of the frozen fluid. Jersey got a view of it, and opened his eyes very wide—

"I say—what d'ye call that are yaller white stuff?"

"*I—scream!*" went off Dutchman, with a roar that started Jersey half out of his boots.

"Thunder and hoop-snakes! I know you scream like all possessed. But I wanted to know the name of that are stuff!"

I explained—"Ice-cream."

"Thank ye, marm. Is it good ter eat raw?"

"Oh, yes—nice. Try a spoonful, sir."

Jersey opened his mouth like a four-horse cornsheller, and I dabbed into the chasm a heaped up spoonful of cream. His eyes snapped, he bumped up his back like, and then after swallowing three or four times, he sung out—

"Oh, Jeminy! but that are is good! How d'ye sell her, mister?"

"Dree quarder dollars quart," Dutchman said.

"I sniga, that are's pretty steep up—but I reckon I must have some for ther old woman and gals. They never seed no such stuff. Will it keep, mister?"

"Yeas it geeps goot ash never was."

"Well, give us two quarts." Jersey got a basket out of his wagon. "Will it keep in this?"

"Oh, yeas, it geeps blentee."

So Jersey got his two quarts of ice-cream in his basket, which he hung up under the black cover of his wagon where it was several degrees hotter than an oven ought to be.

Johannes took his $1.50, and went on roaring away—"I—scream!" while Jersey—well—if the "old woman," or gals either, sees any of that basket of ice-cream, more than the basket, I shall purchase Jersey's secret for keeping the material.

Swiss Curd.

I am not of the million that patronize that sour, bitter, salty abomination called smeare kase, sold so universally in all the Philadelphia markets, and eaten by all sorts and conditions of people. But the sweet, delicate Swiss curd, as they make it everywhere in Switzerland, and as a very few that I know of in this country make it, I think is delicious.

Take the milk after all the cream has risen, but while it is still perfectly sweet—heat it very nearly to the boiling point; and then, after it has cooled so that the finger (remember to have the finger clean,) can be held in it without scalding, put in enough liquid rennet to bring a curd, and when cool enough to handle comfortably, turn into a stout, linen cloth, and squeeze out all the whey. When quite cold, fill tumblers two-thirds full, and cover with a quarter of an inch of sweet cream. The curd should be salted to suit the taste, of course.

Mohawk Cheese.

How many other names the material may have, or whether it has any other or exists anywhere else in this country, than among the descendants of the Hollanders, in the Valley of the Mohawk, is more than I know, but it is known universally as Mohawk cheese.

The milk is permitted to sour, but not to get thick, when it is heated with the cream stirred in, and while hot is salted, spiced, and placed on a very fine hair-sieve, or loose linen cloth until it is thoroughly drained, when it is worked into hard, round balls, about the size of a moderate apple, and in that form is set on the table morning, noon, and night.

Everybody eats Mohawk cheese in the Valley of the Mohawks; and once when a child, I innocently brought the crimson to the very temples of the lady of His Excellency William C. Bouck, then Governor of the state of New York, by my *mal ap pro po* remarks upon the material.

There was a tea-party at the Governor's, at which a dozen or more ladies of the Dutch *lebon ton* were present; and happening to be in the room during tea time, Mrs. Bouck called me to her and gave me one of the Mohawk cheeses, of which there was a huge platefull on the table.

"There, Maddie, mine shild, is der Mohawk sheese. Has you effer seen ones pefore?" inquired the amiable lady.

"Oh, yes," I promptly replied, "*my mother* makes these *to feed young turkeys with*," and I looked so contemptuously at the Dutch ball, that the whole party except Mrs. Bouck and my mother went into giggling fits.

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 1, 23, 17, 9, 3, 25, 20, is one of the United States.
My 2, 23, 25, 7, 15, 11, 14, 26, is an island in the British Channel.
My 3, 18, 25, 21, 8, is a country of Asia.
My 4, 7, 13, 20, 25, 2, are a range of mountains in California.
My 5, 8, 15, 10, 20, 22, 26, is a country of Asia.
My 6, 24, 25, 10, 21, is one of the West Indies.
My 7, 15, 3, 14, is a lake in North America.
My 8, 23, 25, 6, 11, is a river in Siberia.
My 9, 12, 25, is a river of Texas.
My 10, 26, 9, 17, 23, is a part of Austria.
My 11, 17, 22, 16, 8, 26, is a country of Europe.
My 12, 22, 25, 17, 9, 2, 25, 17, is a place famous for gold.
My 13, 3, 14, 11, 16, 3, is a city in Austria.
My 14, 10, 4, 20, is a mountain in Sicily.
My 15, 3, 13, 7, 22, is a stream of water.
My 16, 6, 21, 10, 7, is a river in Arkansas.
My 17, 6, 3, 17, is a river of the United States.
My 18, 21, 23, 7, is a river of Egypt.
My 19, 7, 15, 9, 17, 23, is a town in Spain.
My 20, 22, 8, 15, 2, 5, is a mountain in Turkey in Asia.
My 21, 10, 2, 23, 26, is a country of Europe.
My 22, 7, 21, 26, is a river in Oregon.
My 23, 17, 11, 25, 17, 4, is a city of England.
My 24, 11, 8, 25, 21, 15, is a gulf of Siberia.
My 25, 2, 9, 21, 14, 18, is an isthmus.
My 26, 7, 23, 23, 17, 16, is the name of some springs in our state.
My whole is an old proverb. J. M. B.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is found in the forest deep,
'Neath the tall oak's towering boughs,
Or down by the meadow where the flowrets sleep,
Where the fern and the alder grows.
'Tis sometimes seen on the mountain side,
Where all nature to its music wakes.
'Tis there, in its wild majestic pride,
That my first my second makes.
My whole an American city stands,
Where flows the Atlantic's tide,
Where ships that sail from many lands,
May pass round on every side.
Union Hill, Iowa. W. A. PERKINS.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am found in the ocean,
But not in the sea;
I am found in the tea-pot,
But not in the tea.
I'm found in confusion
Of every kind;
I'm found in the body,
But not in the mind.
I'm always in trouble,
But never in tears;
I dwell in the moments,
But not in the years.
I'm found in the cloudlet,
But not in the sky;
In the editor's office—
Can you guess me?—Just try.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Admitting a right cone to be full of water, standing on a plane, whereabouts in the side must a hole be bored, so that water may spout just to the edge of the cone's base; supposing its axis 24 feet, and diameter of its base 20 feet?
GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

Geometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The three sides of a trapezium are 20, 40, and 50 feet, and inscribed in a semi-circle. Required, the diameter of the semi-circle and area of the trapezium.
JAS. M. GREENWOOD.
Pudville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A and B bought a tract of land containing 100 acres, for $100, each paying $50. But one end of the tract being of better quality than the other, in dividing, A agrees to take the best end at $1.25 per acre, and B the poor end at 75 cents per acre. How many acres should each one have? EVA.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a person asking questions the strangest of all individuals? Ans.—Because he's the querist.

☞ From what tree was mother Eve prompted to pick the apple? Ans.—Devil-tree.

☞ Why is your elder brother like the grass in a meadow? Ans.—Because he's past-your-age (pasturage.)

☞ Why is a victory like a kiss? Ans.—Because it is easy to *Grant*.

Answers to Last.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The Death of William Makepiece Thackeray, the eminent British Author. RIDDLE—"The Lady's Friend." CHARADE—Columbia, (Co, lum, bay, A—Mab, Boil, I. O. U., Mac, Comb.)

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM, published May 20:—100 revolutions.—James M. Greenwood. D. Diefenbach's answer is as follows:—99 complete revolutions, and the 100th revolution so near as can be expressed by any number or range of numbers, without, however, forever fully completing said 100th revolution in the circle. The only way to express the fully correct answer would be, after the 99 complete revolutions to annex an endless number of 9s, as a decimal fraction of the 100th revolution.

"Now, children," asked a school-inspector, "who loves all men?" A little girl, not four years old, and evidently not posted in the catechism, answered quickly, "All women!"